

SMASH THE STATE! HAVE A NICE DAY!

The American
Dream! The rest
of the world's
NIGHTMARE....

WEEKLY WORLD
anarchy



Fall/Winter 1986

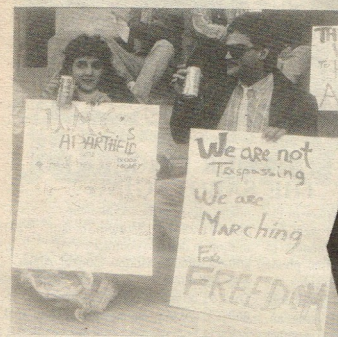
DISARM AUTHORITY! ARM YOUR DESIRES!

Number 13

New study reveals

4 out of 5 AMERICANS prefer VIOLENCE to SEX

Nine out of ten prefer slavery to freedom



DECORTICATE CHRISTIANS
Another zombie for Jesus!

PROTEST GOES BETTER
with coke, but the University of
Missouri still prefers apartheid

see
page 4

WHAT IN THE
HELL IS
GOVERNMENT?

WORDS(PIERRE JOSEPH PROUDHON 1848 PARIS)

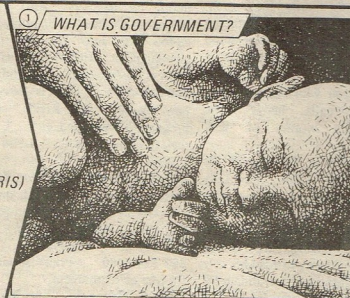
VISUALS(CLIFFORD

PETER HARPER 1981

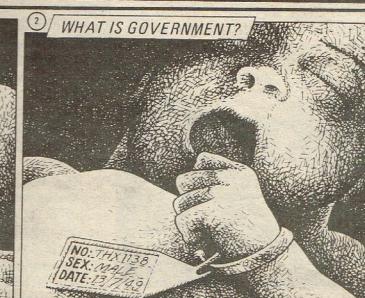
LONDON)



* 79976 13521



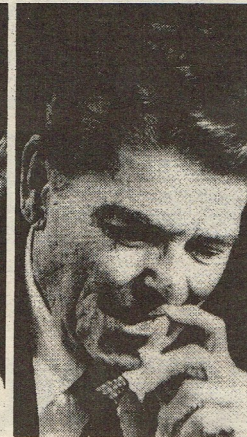
WHOEVER LAYS THEIR HAND ON ME



IS A USURPER AND A TYRANT; ... (Cont.)

News in Review

Definitive Proof REAGAN SUFFERING FROM PINOCCHIO'S DISEASE



While the media has been reporting that President Reagan's recent hospital visits have been to "retard the growth of a cancerous nasal pimple," **Weekly World Anarchy** has come across proof (see photos), that Reagan is suffering from a chronic case of Pinocchio's Disease.

Although Reagan has been a known liar since his movie days, only after persuading his military doctor, Gen. Practitioner, did we gain medical proof on the extent of the disease.

"This is not a new development," said the doctor, "in my 25 years with the White House, I've seen every leader suffer from it." But Practitioner went on to say that "what is most alarming is how advanced a case" Reagan has.

"Once I cut **eight** inches off, only to have **three** inches grow back in a few hours," he said. "I'm afraid it's hopeless."

Asked whether Pinocchio's Disease

was cancerous and could affect the brain the doctor explained that while it is not a cancer in the medical sense, it certainly is a blight on society. Under pressure, Practitioner admitted that the only reliable cure is to remove the host from society.

As for its effects on the leader's brain, the doctor pointed out that Reagan's mental faculties have been deteriorating since birth and any effects on what is left could only be minute.

From the Daily Barbarian (No. 7/Fall 1986), c/o Urbane Gorilla, POB 02455, Detroit, MI, 48202.

TELEPHONE TERRORISM or, LET YOUR FINGERS DO THE SABOTAGING

When Jerry Falwell got a toll-free number, a strange thing happened: People circulated the number and made so many prank phone calls that he had to pay hundreds of thousands of dollars and give up the service. This was called "The Falwell Game."

The goal of "The 800 Club" is slightly broader. There are plenty of toll-free 800 numbers for many different organizations. Some serve legitimately helpful purposes. The numbers listed below are working to make America safe for right-thinking

white male heterosexual Christians

When an 800 number is dialed and hung up on when answered, it costs that organization one dollar (\$1.00!!) for that call. If conversation is engaged, phone charges continue to add up so it is even better to be chatty and talk the bastards' ears off. Request to be on their mailing lists (sign up friends, family, etc.); again, it costs them to send their propaganda out and if the postage paid envelope is returned (preferably stuffed with something heavy), it costs them even more.

So, for all of you who enjoy making harassing phone calls, here's some deserving numbers worthy of your contempt.

800-446-0700 This is the number for Pat Robertson's "700" Club. Not only does Robertson regularly deceive a large number of tv viewers of his "Christian" Broadcasting Network and bilk them out of millions of dollars annually, but he is also running for the presidency of the U.S. He is proving to be a formidable candidate for the Republican nomination and may



GO FOR IT, PAT!

Getting beaten up or arrested by some snotty bully in uniform has an amazing effect on most people. They get mad. And they stay mad, sometimes for the rest of their lives. So whenever I hear of cops stomping the citizenry, I always hope that as long as it had to happen, it may have happened to one of those ardent defenders of the status quo. You know the type—they run around braying that you don't know what you're talking about when you recall your own sad experiences, but when the fist of injustice punches **them** in the nose, they expect everybody in the world to feel 'sorry.

In truth, there's no argument so convincing as experience. That's why I say, now that all kinds of warning voices have been raised, in vain, about the trend to religious fascism in America, maybe a dose of government of the sort that the bible-nazis want will wake up the dozing millions.

Pat Robertson, the goof evangelist, is just the bastard to give it to 'em, and the way I figure it, after a year or two of this jesus-cretin in the White House, Americans will puke when you say the word "Christianity."

Now, Robertson of course hasn't yet decided to run. Oh, sure he hasn't; and incidentally the moon is also made out of green cheese. What is the evangelical cockroach waiting for? Why, to hear "the word of the lord," naturally, without which voice of holy delusion he won't proceed.

Readers! Call him up! Get the moron on the phone and explain that you are the Holy Ghost. Possibly sound effects will be necessary: "Wooooo, Paaat

Roobeertsonn---this is Jeezus calling you. I order you to run for president Daddy says to too, bye." An imbecile of his calibre ought to be totally floored. But don't worry if your call can't get through; I'm certain that the Rev'll get the message. Even now voices from outer space are probably echoing through the spectral cavity near this goon's infinitesimal frontal lobes.

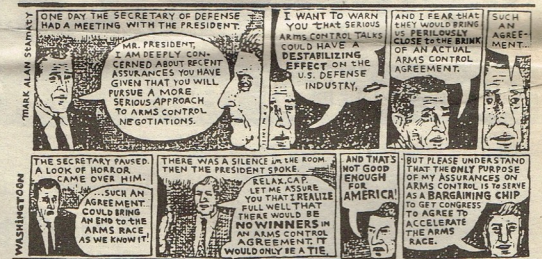
Believe me, you can fool all the people most of the time, and most of the people all of the time, but once you start walking on their faces some glimmer of your true nature begins to faintly impress on their vestigial intellect.

So let this ape run for president, and I know the voters, in their "wisdom", will as ever unerringly elect the most fascistic, idiotic, insincere thug that the so-called democratic process can dredge up. Robertson's a cinch.

If getting pushed around a bit by the local gestapo can turn folks over to that variety of "public servant" (as Huey Newton used to say, "if they're public servants, how come they won't shine my shoes?"), having a tent-revival redneck dictate public policy for four years ought to accomplish what we atheists have tried to do for the last hundred.

Sure, I know I might have to leave the country, or risk winding up in a religious concentration camp, where the crucifix of the gentle Christ can be battered down the throats of unwilling victims. But hey! Have a nice day, you Americans!

From The Match (No. 81/Fall-Winter, 1986-7), POB 3488, Tucson, Arizona 85722.



The Community DIALOGUE, 916 Euterpe St., New Orleans, LA. 70130

number for Marine recruitment.
800-621-2847 Morton-Thiokol. \$318 million in defense contracts.
800-343-0660 Morton-Thiokol Alpha.
800-221-4064 ITT Communications. Over \$1 billion in defense contracts.
800-525-7436 Honeywell. They make helmets, navigation systems, explosives, and chemicals. Whew!
800-334-9141 Accuracy in Academia. "Accuracy" means a fundamentalist, conservative interpretation of events: Evolution is wrong, gays are sinners, America was in Vietnam to protect the freedom of the Vietnamese, and we would be protecting the freedom of the Contras even more if we weren't hampered by inaccurate liberals. This group monitors classes and harasses teachers who disagree with them. They were formed from Accuracy in Media.
800-732-7463 National "We Tip" Hotline. Not quite the FBI or CIA, but it is for turning in information about criminals, like people making harassing phonecalls to 800 numbers.

Edited by Lev Chernyi

News in Review

The Sad Truth

Most dangerous leader?

Once again Jack Anderson has shown his ignorance by nominating "the messianic mullah of Iran, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, as the world's most dangerous leader." Despite the obvious limitations to his power, such megalomaniacal leaders as Mikhail Gorbachev of the USSR and Ronald Reagan of the US didn't even receive honorable mention! I guess we have to point out once again, to people too ideologically blinded to see the reality of our situation, that it is not Khomeini who sits with his fingers poised over the button which could unleash nuclear war. Despite the untold suffering of the ongoing war between Iraq and Iran, both Gorbachev and Reagan hold far more power over far more people and far more developed technologies of destruction than Khomeini could ever hope to see. And neither has shown much reluctance to use any of the options of annihilation available to them, witness the wars in Afghanistan, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Vietnam, etc. Ultimately it is Ronald Reagan, the ruler of the most powerful and one of the most ruthless nations on earth, who should get the award for currently being the "most dangerous" person in our known universe, and it is up to us to destroy that power.

Jesus implicated in abduction by christian

Last fall a 12-year-old St. Louis boy was taken on an 11-hour school bus ride from St. Louis to Lee's Summit by a 32-year old christian who told authorities "Jesus made me do it." However,



the driver, who was headed for Sedalia, got lost and ended up in Lee's Summit, possibly because Jesus gave him erroneous directions. The bus driver is now in jail, however Jesus's whereabouts remain unknown, and it was not indicated if police are still on the lookout for him.

Grandmother given 23-year sentence for nudity with grandson

In December, a local jury found a 46-year-old grandmother guilty of two counts of child abuse, first-degree sexual abuse and promoting child pornography on the basis of photographs taken by her husband showing her naked with her 14-month-old grandson. The sexually repressed jury reportedly "sat stone-faced" as the prudish prosecutor, Suzanne Lohman, said, "I could talk and talk and talk, but perhaps it's just better to look."

The grandmother, Patsy Urban, and her husband were arrested after an Illinois film processing lab sent photographs to local authorities. The pictures of Patsy Urban and her grandson were all taken by her husband, owner of Creative Eye Photography, who is also charged with identical crimes. Boone County assistant prosecutor Lohman pointed out as particularly damning evidence that in some of the photos, Urban was supporting her breasts with her hands, moving them closer to her grandson's face. One of the photos even showed the child eating a marshmallow from her breast. The prosecutor did not reveal whether it would have been legal for the grandson to eat a marshmallow from Urban's breast if she had been wearing a bra. Nor did Lohman reveal if she would seek the death penalty for any mothers caught allowing themselves to be photographed as they suckled their own children.

Lesbian mother denied visitation rights

A homophobic Jackson County judge recently ruled that a divorced Kansas City, Missouri mother, who is a lesbian, could not have her children stay with her overnight if the woman's lover was present. Guardian of civilized morality, Judge Jack Gant, said the rule-



ing was in the best interests of the couple's four children because homosexuality is illegal in Missouri. The judges order stated that "The children would be exposed to a lifestyle which is in conflict with the values they are being taught in school and church and which is potentially harmful to the psychological and social development of the children." Judge Gant failed to reveal whether or not it was his exposure to an authoritarian, heterosexual lifestyle which was responsible for his own retarded psychological and social development.

Recycling downplayed by city bureaucrats

The City of Columbia's new recycling program lost more than \$6,000 in its first five months of operation according to a recent report from the Public Works Department. Almost 1,200 people participated in the month of November, but the program has been hampered by the mayor and city council who are less than enthusiastic, and a Public Works Department which refuses to advertise the program. Hoping that the project will fail, Mayor Rodney Smith, long a critic of recycling efforts,

has said that continued losses will doom the project.

Despite regional and national problems with declining available landfill sites and escalating landfill costs, city politicians and bureaucrats would prefer a system in which recycling is ignored. Even though Columbia's already have demonstrated an extraordinary commitment to recycling (or possibly because of this) in their adoption of a city-wide returnable beverage container ordinance, the Public Works Department continues to avoid publicity for the program, making participation dependent on a few newspaper stories and word of mouth.

Despite the obstacles, 2,190 residents have so far asked to be included in the program.

Collage means prison

An East German was sentenced to eight months in prison for displaying a collage of news clippings which allegedly "publicly degraded the state order," according to sources in West Berlin. Lars Matzke, 20, was arrested after posting a collection of clippings from the state-run press on the outside of his apartment door.

JUST SAY NO TO ALL DRUGS!

I'm mad as hell about Ronnie and Nancy's new war on drugs. "Because you're in favor of allowing America to be weakened by drugs and ripened for the Soviet picking," you ask. DEAD WRONG.

I'm mad as hell because Ronnie and Nancy are both anti-drug wimps—they don't go far enough. In fact, they virtually maintain a conspiracy of silence regarding the vast majority of dangerous, mind-numbing and ultimately crippling drugs. "How do they do this?" you might say. By making a piddly-ass distinction between "legal" and "illegal" drugs, you numb-skulls!

When is America going to wake up about this? Just take a look at some of the statistics, and you'll realize how frightening Reagan's phoney, smokescreen "drug war" really is.

A recent survey indicates that 15 million American youths aged 12 to 17—more than 50% of that age group—have tried alcohol and more than 11 million have smoked cigarettes! Research-

ers believe that there are 113 million alcohol users in the U.S. and more than 80 million nicotine-addicted smokers! And this is only the tip of the proverbial iceberg. There are hundreds of millions of prescription drugs imbibed by housewives, politicians and businessmen across the country. Not to mention the caffeine epidemic which claims more addicts than any illegal drug ever will.

Official figures from reports released during 1970-72 recorded that the U.S. had 9 million alcoholics then—how many more must there be now? In the early 1970's it was reported that 25 million adults were using Valium, and by 1980, FDA figures indicated that Americans were abusing benzodiazepines (the class of tranquilizers which includes Valium) at a rate of 5 billion



pills a year. And besides this hundreds of thousands of our children are being officially drugged in our schools often against their will. One-fourth of the American female population in the 30 to 60 age group abuses psychoactive prescription drugs on a regular basis.

I say we need to expose this cover-up NOW! If only 5.8 million Americans are using cocaine, why does it get all the attention? Why not all the breweries and distilleries, the bars and the liquor stores pushing this menace? If only 18.2 million people are using marijuana, why do we have endlessly ineffective defoliation and un-

dercover operations when it would be so much easier and effective to use our tax dollars to wipe out the tobacco crop and the tobacco industry once and for all. Specious distinctions between legality and illegality shouldn't stand in our way if we're going to be serious about stopping drug abuse! After all, alcohol is far more dangerous to far more people than cocaine will ever be. Tobacco has killed thousands of times more people than marijuana ever will. And think of all the

mindless speed-heads hopped up on caffeine—surely they represent a far greater danger than the small percentage of psychos who use LSD (and a far larger percentage of criminals, too). If you insist on being a stickler about laws, I say,

"show your true colors." If you're really against drug abuse, support the passage of laws to imprison brewers, rehabilitate smokers, and screen for caffeine-users. Go for the king-pins of the real drug industry—execution for the owners of the alcohol and cigarette industries; life imprisonment for their boards of directors and their high-level dealers. Make the manufacture of all drug paraphernalia (like ashtrays and cigarette lighters) a mandatory felony.

Continued on last page



Radical News in Review

The Badguy Report

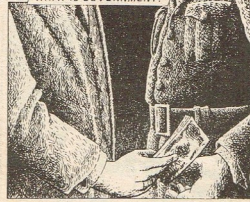
Every once in awhile a confrontation over an issue shows before the public's eye the putrid laundry of capitalism, and the contradictions, ironies and humiliations pile up so quickly that it's hard for a passionate soul to sit still long enough to write about them. The last case like this was the Stephens Park fight where despite public outcry, the park was permanently disfigured with the blessing of the Columbia City Council, Daily Tribune publisher Hank Waters and the Planning and Zoning Commission. In the end, of course, the corporate medical nemesis said, "Forget it, suckers; we changed our mind," and left the rolling hills looking like a badly reseeded construction site.

The murder of Kim Linzie by the Columbia Police might have been another such issue, except for the failure of white liberals to in any way question the authority and integrity of the police and, most shamefully, their failure to demand an independent investigation of the matter. Now we hear the City of Columbia will pay the Linzie family \$200,000 to \$250,000 to drop their \$50 million suit. Undoubtedly they realize they are up against the same kind of embedded racism and authoritarianism that Kim would not accept. And they've decided to come out of this round alive. But the murder—and the insulting pittance offered to "settle" things will long be remembered in the angry hearts and minds of Columbia's black community and of others who care about justice. It's too bad the Linzies can't bring Kim back and buy her a new car with the money. And it's too bad we all can't resurrect her and pin a gold medal on her proud chest for not submitting to the assholes with the guns who blew it big time.

And now in a funny way the questions of property rights, profiteering and racism are back with a roar. **Missourians Against Apartheid** had tried for years, as had numerous groups before them, to raise the issue of the university's investments in companies which directly or indirectly do business in South Africa with only one or two instances of success. Part of the problem is that the issue at first glance seems as remote as the targets are intractable.

But the issue is so clear and straightforward, that surely almost no one believes the University of Missouri officials' rhetoric and rationalizations. The system of racial segregation called apartheid, the domination of blacks and other people of color by the white minority, the police state which routinely murders, imprisons, evicts and censors all potential obstacles to white hegemony—all of these must end. The most effective way to ensure this is the removal of international capital from South Africa. The international social movement which demands divestment is making itself felt. Corporations are clearly concerned that major investors

WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?



ITS LAWS ARE COWBES FOR THE RICH

are shunning their stocks because of the apartheid issue. This concern has been noted in the business pages of the **New York Times** in its discussion of the reasons behind the maneuvering of IBM and General Motors. These corporations have not stopped doing business in South Africa (despite what their public rela-

is clear that many of the companies are feeling the pinch as their stocks are seen as investment options by fewer and fewer. Again we ask why, if it makes no difference, has the university decided to divest from South Africa? concerns that have not signed the Sullivan Principles? Or was that merely a bit of win-

Shantytown lives



Shantytown demonstrators on university campus last fall.

tions people would like us to believe.

IBM and GM have merely changed the way in which they do business. Instead of directly producing and selling their products in South Africa, they now peddle their wares through a licensing arrangement with a company owned by South African business interests. IBM and GM and a number of other corporations are trying to skirt provisions of laws and resolutions which prohibit hundreds of institutions including several states, over a hundred colleges, countless numbers of pension funds and the like, from investing in corporations which have not been designated "South Africa-free."

The movement which is continuing to bring about divestment worldwide, in short, is putting pressure on huge multinationals. A finance professor at UMC, Dr. Paul West, disputes this claiming that if the university divests, the stocks will only be bought by someone else, making little impact. Why then are many multinationals concerned about the effect of the divestiture movement? It

dow dressing to pretend social responsibility while refusing to touch that \$133 million (including IBM and GM) stocks which keep South African repression well oiled.

University president Peter McGrath is fond of saying that the issue is complex, that we really don't know what the effect of the flight of capital from South Africa will be. The curators continue to whine about "fiduciary responsibility" as if hundreds of other investors had not found fiscally sound alternatives.

The issue, in essence, is very simple. There is a historical movement which is making it increasingly difficult for the apartheid police state to continue. The university can help bring the right of self-determination to the people of color in South Africa, or it can continue to act in a way which confirms widespread perception of the University of Missouri as a bastion of white power and privilege, a place which does as little as it can get by with, a place which refuses year after year to take strong

action against institutional racism.

Both Duane Stucky, the interim chancellor, and Les Carpenter, the editor of **The Maneater**, the student newspaper, lecture the Shantytown activists that "nothing can be accomplished by confrontational politics." As much as these pillars of campus morality would like us to think this is the case, almost everyone who thinks about it realizes that just the opposite is true. The beauty of the shantytown activists is that by the simple tactic of placing a small representation of South Africa reality in the university's backyard, more questions have been raised about the values and priorities of the university, and by extension the whole of society, than in years and years of polite demonstrations and playing by the rules.

The university is embarrassed. So far it has arrested 58 protesters, dropped the charges against 17 of them, tried to dismiss the shantytown activists as not being an officially recognized organization (with officers and by-laws), given shantytowners ten to fifteen minutes to speak at this or that meeting, threatened academic reprisals, and torn down the shanties a half-dozen times. They have changed their rules and regulations in the middle of the game to give their repression a legalistic rationale. But while Barbara Uehling, Duane Stucky, Peter McGrath and their flunkies (gentleman police-bully Major Watring, dominatrix Suzanne Holland et al.) keep trying to pose as objective dispensers of policy, their ploys have only shown that the university is willing to pull out all stops to maintain its racist heritage and its callous investment policy.

Regardless of what happens in the future the shantytown activists have already won because they have captured the imaginations of all who have heard of their determination and who care about dignity and justice for people of all races. They have placed the issue of racism on the public agenda. And they have succeeded in making clear the connections between institutionalized indifference to racial tyranny abroad and the university's indifference to racial inequity in educational opportunity, and in the quality of campus social and cultural life. They university complains about things not being "calm" and about "confrontational politics," all the while trying to stave off any demands that it take meaningful action to change the de facto racist realities especially at the Columbia campus. But whatever happens the university will not be able to remain unchanged. The shantytown activists need your help and financial contributions. To become involved call 882-7463 or 874-3872, or write: Shantytown Activists c/o MAA, 100 Hitt St Columbia, MO. 65201

French students win battle with state

The recent student demonstrations in Paris were an unexpected and unforeseen shock to the rightmost government of Prime Minister Jacques Chirac. They were prompted in protest of a proposal by the Ministry of Education to "upgrade" and "modernize" the French universities. The educational situation in France is already elitist, but Alain Devaquet's now legendary proposal would have made it more so.

The government's proposed legislation consisted of (1) raising the price of university tuition, (2) giving universities the power to issue their own diplomas, and (3) giving universities the right to determine who gets to enroll where. Basically it would make the French system and its students more expensive, more selective and more competitive.

The movement was initiated by a few activists (including members of the **Groupes de la Coordination Liberaire Anarchiste**) who sparked the anger of some students and then fanned and flamed interest till it produced a general demonstration on Thursday, Nov. 27th when the law was to be presented to the parliament. Despite the last-minute tactic of postponing discussion of the bill to the following day, roughly 100,000 stu-

dents showed up at the National Assembly building in an amazingly peaceful demonstration that was also followed up the next day. When the education ministry chose to deny their demands, students planned a stronger demonstration for the following week.

On Dec. 4th a five-mile long gathering of from 300,000 to 600,000 students showed up in Paris from all over France at the Place des Invalides, where the relatively peaceful crowds used passive resistance and avoided clashes. Nevertheless, 200 people were injured, of which only 4 were cops. In one reported example of police behavior, when a group of students was asked to move back and complied, police immediately used the space to charge the students with gas grenades and stunners.

The reported seriously wounded included a student (a member of the French Anarchist Federation from Brittany) who got his eye blown away by a cop who fired his stunner at his face, and another who got his hand blown off. There were, of course, countless others who were hospitalized, but whose parents were advised by hospital personnel to avoid publicity.

During another spontaneous student demonstration the next day Malik Oussouline, a French Algerian, was beaten severely by the PNM, motorcycle cops who work in teams with a driver in front and a cop in back with a club. After being chased down by one of these teams, Malik was followed into the foyer of an apartment building where he died. The official cause of death was listed as a heart attack, and police are still trying to convince the public of this. However, his death presaged a seven hour battle between students and riot police the next night, after which Prime Minister Chirac withdrew the university reform bill fearing continuing demonstrations.

The amazing thing about all this was that there really were no leaders. There was no single spokesperson for the students. There were a few who spontaneously took charge in situations, but as far as I could find out, people pretty much organized themselves. And it was well organized, almost too well. All the "green armbands" walked together, all the "helmets" stayed in groups, all the parents, all the unions, even the street painters were in two small groups.

Alison Gross

Edited by Lev Chernyi

International Anarchist News

Free Avi Nafetl

Avi Nafetl is an anarchist who has been imprisoned in the Arizona State Penitentiary for the last five years with another twenty years remaining of his sentence. His conviction was for aggravated assault and kidnapping, though the incident which led to his incarceration was apparently only a response of self-defense to a threat of violence made by an Arizona cop. He and his wife were backpacking along a northern Arizona highway on their way to Nevada when a State Police officer stopped them and demanded I.D. Avi refused to comply, and based his refusal on the illegality of the cop's demand according to our supposed "civil rights." The cop pulled out her gun and cocked the hammer, and fearing that he would be shot, Avi disarmed her. Other cops soon arrived on the scene and Avi and his wife ended up taking the first cop hostage in her car in order to escape. They were chased for about an hour until they were "ambushed" at a roadblock near the Hoover Dam. After negotiating for a few hours Avi surrendered when the press arrived (hoping that it would help insure that neither he nor his wife would be shot in front of witnesses).

Avi was sentenced to 15 years for aggravated assault and ten years for kidnapping. He has never been convicted of any other offense in his life. The cop he disarmed went back to work the next day with no apparent physical or emotional problem from the incident, yet Avi has been treated as though he is a violent threat to the state of Arizona.

Avi has recently found that he is eligible to be transferred to the country in which he holds citizenship, according to a treaty between the U.S. and Great Britain (the United Kingdom) which includes this provision. At this point only the Arizona Department of Corrections (sic) is holding back his request through use of a legal technicality. So he is

Mexican anarchists?

It's always hard for foreigners to keep track of anarchist movements in countries where other languages are spoken, but the lack of information in the U.S. press about Mexican anarchists has always seemed extraordinarily puzzling to me because of their close proximity to the U.S. Although the Columbia Anarchist League receives occasional issues of *Tierra Y Libertad* from Mexico City, these usually seem to consist of historical and theoretical articles with little mention of current activities in Mexico. And we haven't been able to establish contact with any of the other lesser known publications we've heard of.

So, it was a surprise last year (on a quick visit to Mexico) to see anti-vote posters, with pictures of the anarchist Emiliano Zapata on them, posted around the city of La Paz. The posters stated (in Spanish), "Because the elections won't resolve people's problems—DON'T VOTE." They were published by the Comité de Unidad Juvenil-Popular "For the organization and conscious integration of youth in the popular struggle." Does anyone know if this is an anarchist grouping, or if there is any anarchist influence within it?

ANARCHY a journal of
Desire Armed
Anarchy #13
Fall/Winter 1986

ANARCHY is a somewhat irregular, but usually bimonthly publication of the Columbia Anarchist League, an anti-profit and anticapitalist organization of local anarchists dedicated to catalyzing the creation of a more libertarian world. We sell no advertising, have no paid staff, and publish this journal entirely through donations and subscriptions. Subscriptions are \$3.00/six issues for individuals, or \$6.00/six issues for institutions. Subscriptions are free to prisoners. Supporting contributors donate \$5.00 to \$10.00/issue. Please address subscriptions, contributions, submissions and letters to: ANARCHY, c/o C.A.L., POB 380, Columbia, MO 65205.

now asking for public support for his transfer through letters and calls to the authorities listed below asking that his transfer be completed to England (where his sentence would likely be reduced or terminated). If you would like to help in this effort, please write to:

Mr. Sam Lewis, Director
Arizona Dept. of Corrections
1601 West Jefferson
Phoenix, AZ. 85007

Mr. David Neal
Home Office
Criminal Policy Dept.
Queen Anne's Gate
London SW1 9AT, England

Governor Evan Mecham
1700 West Washington
Phoenix, AZ. 85007
Phone (602) 255-1331

Mr. Philip T. White
Office of International Affairs
Criminal Division
POB 7413
Ben Franklin Station
Washington, DC 20044

For more information on Avi Nafetl and his case you can write to **Free Avi Nafetl**, POB 1313, Lawrence, KS. 66044. In letters to the authorities above you should use Avi's full name, Arnold Nafetl, along with his prison #45287.



Police force their way into squatted buildings in Hamburg, Germany last fall.

Squatters fight back in Europe

On the 14th of September last year the young autonomist squatters movement in Denmark began a 9-day uprising in defense of the community center they had built in a building they have occupied illegally for 31 years. The uprising began in response to a planned attempt to evict the autonomists. Tension had already been rising ever since the movement had trashed the biggest South African firm doing business in Denmark in the previous month (that action included the building of burning barricades around a police station in order to prevent police interference). The chief of police declared that the autonomist center, "Ryegade 58 is a cancer cell

in Danish society," after the heavily barricaded center had been unsuccessfully besieged for 3 days last February. The uprising began when a planned support march broke away from its route and charged the Ryegade area. The police were completely fooled, barricades were built and a neighboring building housing the newly arrived US war firm Sperry (computers for Cruise and Pershing missiles) was completely trashed. During the 9-day uprising which followed the autonomists successfully held off police attacks with molotovs, fireworks, and bricks until they reluctantly decided to clear out rather than face more determined police attacks. Source: Black Flag, London

Bioregionalism

Continued from page 9

turned off their TV's and refused their places as complacent consumers within mass society, nor have I yet found any one square mile of the earth which hasn't been claimed by a nation-state. In fact, despite Sale's wilful thinking on these subjects, I can't help but be impressed by the continual expansion of all the new techniques and technologies of social control. And as far as nation-states going the way of the dodo—I only wish!

What Sale seems to have done here is to confuse superficial trends with fundamental changes. He actually appears to believe that because there were "six acknowledged empires" in 1945, and only "two unacknowledged ones" now, that we have somehow made progress! And he sees an almost cosmic significance in the fact that there are more nation-states now than in the recent past, as if an increase in the absolute number of authoritarian institutions means we're now better off! And then, Sale's ecstasy over the rise of regionalism in recent years is supposedly verified by subversive facts such as *The Wall Street Journal* beginning "a weekly column of American regional reports in 1982," and the number of regional planners having "expanded exponentially (today there are 16,000 professionals), and again in 1989

"the Office of Management and the Budget issued its 'A-95' regulation creating regional planning and development clearing houses..." Ultimately the weight of irrelevant information Sale brings to bear is revealing of how qualitatively empty his vision really is of content. If these inanities all count as remarkable harbingers of a bioregional society, I'd rather do without, thank you.

But wait, let's move on to Sale's "future visions" where we can discover with native Americans that "we are, all things considered, better off today because Columbus dreamed of finding India." (Did I hear a snicker? Quiet!) Or, more importantly, were you aware that one study of regional attitudes "discovered that people in this country see themselves as inhabiting no fewer than 285 regions." (These include our own local region here in mid-Missouri, "Little Dixie." How radical!) Or, how about, "The bioregional ideal has the potential to join what are traditionally thought of as Right and Left in America because it is built upon and appeals to values that, at bottom, are shared by those who identify with those two tendencies. They have in common, for example, a belief in local control, self-reliance, town-meeting democracy, community power, and (most important...) I don't know the right people, but please tell me where there are any great numbers of right-wingers or leftists who really share these beliefs!"

But we only get a clear view of how little meaning there is to the whole concept of bioregionalism when Sale reveals that, not only is bioregionalism not revolutionary (i.e. not willing to confront

Anarchy notes

At long last here's *Anarchy* #13. Due to a long series of interruptions it's out about 4 months later than I'd planned and is 8 pages longer, too. My apologies to those of you who've been waiting in anticipation on the edges of your seats! The only consolation is that the next issue shouldn't take nearly as long—and maybe we'll be back to a roughly bimonthly print schedule for the rest of this year.

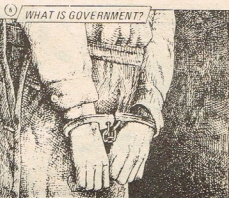
For those who care, the print run for this issue is 7,000. The last issue of *Anarchy* (#12) included a copy of *The Gentle Anarchist* (a Lawrence, Kansas paper) inside. Unfortunately, our differing schedules, as well as the hundreds of miles between our locations, will probably make concurrent publishing a rare event in the future, though we hope to try it again sometime soon. Also, I was unable to credit the cover of *Anarchy* #12 in the last issue due to my own temporary amnesia regarding its source—so thanks are due to *Just Termites* who created the striking collage we reprinted. In this issue a similar faux pas almost occurred when I forgot to credit the "Telephone terrorism" piece on page 2 to the *Bound Together Newsletter*, which has since discontinued publishing. *Bound Together Bookstore*, however, is still in business at 1369 Haight Street, San Francisco, CA. 94117 with a large and fairly comprehensive mail order catalog available.

And while I'm thanking people, I should note that we really appreciate all the subscriptions we receive, the letters of encouragement, and those extra donations which keep *Anarchy* afloat. For those who'd like to help in other ways, we still need extra hands for distributing issues in mid-Missouri, around town, on the college campuses, at high schools and in outlying towns in Boone County and beyond. We're also looking for more contributors—especially for original art & graphics, and for short fictions. And, of course, everyone is invited to contribute to our letter column. Unfortunately, due to the long interval between issues, the letters column this time is overflowing, so, if your letter doesn't appear here in #13, wait for #14 to come along soon.

And last, but not least, I should note that I was intending to publish a close look at the Greek anarchist movement in this issue, but due to a lack of space, it has also been postponed to *Anarchy* #14.

Lev Chernyi

seriously the task of destroying the current system of hierarchical power), but that "it regards questions of national scope to be...genuinely irrelevant.... Take care of the communities, develop the regions, tap the local manifestations of the character inherent in the American people, and the Federal structure can become quite irrelevant." Just forget about U.S. imperialism, the preparations for "winning" World War III, the massive power of multi-national corporations and the complexity of the state in the destruction of our environment. We'll throw out a few platitudes and a cliché or two, and everything will be fine. "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves." Play in your own back yard and the bully on the block won't bother you anymore! Simple answers to complex questions. It's all so easy and reassuring... why be radical anymore?



AND CHAINS OF STEEL FOR THE POOR.

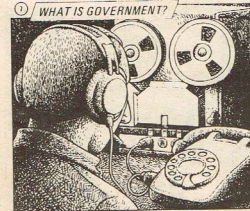
Collected by Erich Scheurmann
Illustrations by Joost Swarte
Translated by Martin Beumer

Editor's note: The Papalagi (pronounced pā-pā-lā-hē, or so I was told by the original English publishers, Real Free Press in Amsterdam) is a collection of speeches written by the South Pacific chief Tuivahi of Tiaeva and intended for his people. They first appeared in a German edition sometime in the early twenties, in a translation by his friend Eric Scheurmann. A translation was published in Dutch in 1929, from which the English translation was then made in 1971. As becomes quickly apparent when one reads it, *The Papalagi* is a sort of critical reverse anthropology in which white, European civilization is thoroughly dissected and evaluated with the puzzled contempt that it so well deserves from the "primitive" perspective.

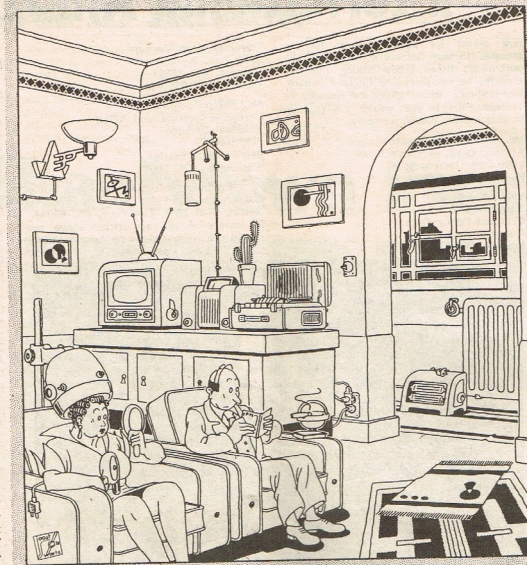
You can also recognize the Papalagi by his wish for making us wise and because he tells us that we are poor and wretched, and in need of his help and his pity, because we possess nothing.

Allow me to explain to you, dear brothers from the many islands, what that is a thing. A coconut is a thing, a flyswatter, a loincloth, the shell, the finger-ring, the food-bowl and the head-dress, they are all things. But there are two different kinds of things. There are things made by the Great Spirit without seeing it and we, the children of the earth, have no trouble obtaining them. Like for instance the coconut, the banana and the seashell. Then there are the things made by the people with much work and hardship, things like the rings for the fingers, flyswatters and foodbowls. Now the alii (white men) think that we have a need for the things made by their hands, for they certainly don't mean the things provided for us by the Great Spirit. Because, who can be richer than us and who can possibly possess more things from the Great Spirit than exactly us? Throw your eyes around to the furthest horizon, where the wide blue expanse rests on the rim of the world. Everything is full of great things: the jungle with its wild pigeons, hummingbirds and parrots, the lagoons with their sea-cucumbers, shells and marine life, the sand with its shining face and smooth skin, the great water that can rage like a band of warriors or smile like a taopou (May-queen) and the wide blue dome that changes color every hour and carries large flowers that bless us with gold and silver light. Why be so foolish as to produce more things, now that we have so many outstanding things already, given us by the Great Spirit himself? Anyway, we will never be able to better his workings, because our spirit is weak and puny and the power of the Great Spirit

① WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?



TO BE GOVERNED IS TO BE WATCHED,
INSPECTED, SPIED ON,



THE PAPALAGI

SPEECHES BY
TUIVAHI OF TIAEVA
A SAMOAN CHIEF

THE PAPALAGI ARE POOR BECAUSE OF THEIR MANY THINGS

is mighty, compared to his large and omnipotent hands, ours are small and weak. The things they can make are puny and not worth speaking about. We can make our arm longer with a stick and enlarge the hollow formed by our hands with a tanoa (a wooden bowl on three or four legs, used for preparation of a native drink), but there hasn't been a single Samoan or Papalagi yet who succeeded in making a palmtree or a kavaplant.

Now those Papalagi think they can do a lot and that they are as strong as the Great Spirit. For that reason, thousands and thousands of hands do nothing but make things, from dawn to dusk. Man-made things, of which we know no purpose nor beauty. And the Papalagi invent more and more things. Their hands burn, their faces turn ashen and their backs are bent, but still they burst into happiness when they've succeeded in making a new thing. And all of a sudden, everybody wants to have such a new thing; they put it in front of them, adore it and sing its praise in their language.

Oh brothers, strengthen my beliefs, for I've looked straight through the Papalagi and seen his intentions as clear as if illuminated by the midday sun. Because he destroys all the things of the Great Spirit. Wherever he comes, he wants to bring to life again, on his own power, those things that he first killed and then wants

to make himself believe he is the Great Spirit himself, because he produces so many things.

Brothers, try to imagine that at this very moment a storm would rise and strip away all the jungles and mountains, that from the lagoon also the shells and crayfish would be taken away and not even a hibiscus-flower would be left for our girls to wear in their hair, try to imagine that everything we see around us had suddenly disappeared, so that nothing would be left and the sand and the earth would have become like the palm of your hand or the hill over which the magma has flowed. Then we would have to mourn over the palmtree, over the shells and the jungle we would have to mourn over everything. Where all the huts of the Papalagi are gathered, all those huts that they call a town, there the land is as bald as the palm of your hand and that's one of the reasons that the Papalagi has gone soft in the head and plays being the Great Spirit in person, so as not to think of all the things they lost. Because they are so deprived and because their land has become so dreary they collect things like a fool collects dead leaves and fills his hut with them until all available space is occupied. That's why he envies us and hopes to make us poor as he is himself.

It is a sign of great poverty, when somebody needs much, because that way he proves that he

lacks the things of the Great Spirit. The Papalagi are poor because they pursue things like madmen. Without things they cannot live at all. When they've made themselves an object out of the backside of a turtle, used to straighten their hair back, they make a skin for that tool, and for that skin they make a box, and for that box they make a bigger box. They pack everything away in skins and boxes. There are boxes for loincloths, for upper cloths and under cloths, for washing cloths, mouthcloths and all other kinds of cloths. Boxes for hand-skins and foot-skins, for the round metal and the heavy paper, for their food and their holy book, for everything you can imagine. When one thing would be enough, they make two. When you come inside a European cooking-hut, you see so many food-bowls and cooking-tools that it is impossible to use them all. And for every dish there is a different tanoa, there's one for the water and another one for the European kava, one for the coconuts and another one for the grapes.

There are so many things inside a European hut that, even if everyman from a Samoan village would take out an armload, the people living in it would not be able to carry the remainder out. In every hut there are so many things that the white gentlemen employ many persons just for putting those things on the spot where they belong and to clean the sand off them. And even the highest born taopou uses a great deal of her time to count, rearrange and clean all her things.

You all know, brothers, that I speak the truth as I've seen it with my own eyes, without adding to my story nor holding back any. So believe me when I tell you that there are people in Europe that press a fire-stick to their foreheads and kill themselves, because they would rather not live at all than being forced to live without things. Because in every possible way the Papalagi confuse their minds and fool themselves into thinking that man cannot live without things, as he cannot live without food.

Also because of that, I've never been able to find a hut in Europe where I could rest on my mat properly, with nothing hindering my limbs when I wanted to stretch myself out. All those things throw flashes of light around or cry out loud with the voices of their colors, so that I couldn't close my eyes quietly. Never could I find the true repose there and never before was my longing for my Samoan hut so strong; the hut where there is nothing but sleeping mat and bedroll and nothing disturbs us but the soft seabreeze.

The ones that only have few things, call themselves poor and unhappy. No Papalagi sings or goes through life with a twinkle in his eye, like we do, when his only possession is his foodbowl. When the men and women of the white man's world would reside in our huts, they would mourn and grieve and they would have wood fetched from the forest quickly and turtle-shells, glass, steel-wire and gaudy stones and much, much more. And they would move their hands from morning till night, until the Samoan hut would be filled with large and small objects that break easily and are destructable by fire and rain, so that replacements have to be made all the time.

Continued on page 7

PAPALAGI

The more things you need, the better a European you are. That's why the hands of the Papalagi are never still, they're always making things. That is the reason that the faces of the white people often look so tired and sad and that is also the reason why only a few of them can find the time to look at the things from the Great Spirit or play in the village-square, compose happy songs or dance in the light on a holiday and derive pleasure from their healthy bodies, as is possible for all of us.

They have to make things. They have to hold on to their things. The things latch themselves to them and crawl over them like an army of tiny sand-ants. They commit the most hideous crimes, in cold blood, only to get more things. They don't make war to satisfy their male pride, or to match their strength, but only to obtain things.

Still, they are all aware of the great waste their life is, otherwise there wouldn't be so many Papalagi of high standing that do

nothing their whole life but dip hairs in colored juices and with them throw beautiful mirror-images on white mats. All the fine words of God they write down, as bright and colorful as they can. They also mold people from soft clay, without any loincloths; girls with free movements, delightful as the taopou of Matautu and images of men, brandishing clubs and spying on the wild pigeon in the forest. People made out of stone, for which the Papalagi build large festival huts, whereto people travel from large distances to enjoy their grace and beauty. They stand in front of them wrapped tightly in their loincloths and shiver. I've seen Papalagi weep, when admiring the beauty they have lost themselves.

Now the white man wants to make us rich by bringing us his treasures, his things. But those things are like poison arrows that kill those in whose breasts they have lodged. I once overheard a man who knew our islands well, saying, "We must force new needs upon them." Needs are things! And that wise man spoke further, "Then they can be put to work easier

also." He meant that we had to use the strength of our hands to make things, things for ourselves, but mainly things for the Papalagi. We must be made tired, bent down and grey too.

Brothers of the many islands, we must keep our eyes wide open, because the words of the Papalagi taste like sweet bananas, but they are full of hidden arrows that are out to kill all light and gladness inside of us. Let's never forget that, except for the things given us by the Great Spirit, we need only very little. He has given us eyes to see his things. You need more than a lifetime to see them all. And never did a greater lie pass the lips of a human being as when the white man said to us that the things from the Great Spirit have little value, but that the things they produce are very useful and valuable. Their own things, so numerous and glittering and shining, throw seductive glances our way and thrust themselves upon us, but they never made a Papalagi's body more beautiful, his eyes more shiny or his senses keener. That's another reason that their things have little value and the

words they utter and force upon our awareness forcefully, are thoughts steeped in venom, the ejaculations of an evil spirit.

Books Received

The Right to be Greedy; Theses on the Practical Necessity of Demanding Everything, by For Ourselves, Council for Generalized Self-Management. (Second edition, published by Loompanics Unlimited, POB 1197, Pt. Townsend, WA. 98368, \$5.95).

No one interested in the Situationist international, philosophical egoism/radical subjectivity, dialectical and critical theory, the critiques of ideology and morality, that is to say, no one who's halfway serious about understanding the trajectory of modern radicalism (and its enemies) should miss this book. Although its flaws are obvious upon reading, its basic theme—the reconciliation of the collective project of revolution (transforming the world) with the individual project of overcoming self-alienation (changing life)—is of critical importance to our epoch. As Bob Black says in his preface to the second edition, "It's a pity For Ourselves didn't try to Marxize Stirner as it Stirnerized Marx: then we might have a better sense of the level at which it just might be possible to harmonize the two great revolutionary anarchists." But that book unfortunately remains to be written.

Principia Discordia; or How I Found Goddess and What I Did to Her When I Found Her, by Malaclypse the Younger. (5th edition, published by Loompanics Unlimited, POB 1197, Port Townsend, WA. 98368, \$5.95)

Since Bob Shea and Robert Anton Wilson's *Illuminatus Trilogy* first appeared in 1975, the *Principia Discordia* has acquired something of a reputation as a sort of "underground classic." In actuality, despite its occasional wit and entertaining satire, today it is read as a rather quaint and playful, though not all that illuminating, attempt at the dialectical deconstruction of mystical religion.

Based on the mythology of the ancient Greek goddess of strife, Eris (the Roman Discordia), the *Principia* unfortunately never really delivers on the promise contained in this material. Rather than developing the story into a sophisticated, yet humorous, unfolding of a non-orientalist and anti-metaphysical perspective, it gets stuck on a level of oversimplified (and thus falsified) dialectics and a relatively naive metaphysics. Still, it was a promising start, what with the "Sacred Chao," the "Book of Uterus," and the "Epistle to the Panamids." And it remains interesting despite its shortcomings.

Native American Anarchism, by Eunice Schuster. (Reprint of the 1932 edition, published by Loompanics Unlimited, POB 1197, Port Townsend, WA. 98368, \$3.95)

The most annoying thing about this book is its misname. You might think from its title that this book would examine the traces of "primitive anarchy" to be found in the societies of the original inhabitants of America before the European colonization destroyed them and their world. However, it is instead the story of dissenting anarchistic currents within the ranks of these alien colonizers, with nary a mention of the true native Americans to be found.

However, be that as it may, this book was also written while the memories of Emma Goldman's imprisonment (in Jefferson City, Missouri) for speaking out against the WWI conscription act and her subsequent deportation (from the U.S. in 1919) were still fresh in the author's mind. As such, it is a fascinating review of the recurrent and manifold movements of anarchism and near-anarchism in the U.S. since the 1600's as seen through the eyes of a sympathetic anarchist historian during the first half of this century. From Puritan dissenters and antinomians through the arrival of the Quakers, from the Unitarians to the Transcendentalists and Abolitionists, the early history of American Christian anarchism is examined in some detail. Following this, the development of American individualist anarchism from Josiah Warren to Benjamin Tucker and their disciples is discussed, until it's eventual collision with the realities of both an engulfing industrialism and the "alien American anarchism" of the developing international anarchist movements resulted in its dissolution and relative absorption.

Fighting Back on the Job, by Victor Santoro. (published by Loompanics Unlimited, POB 1197, Pt. Townsend, WA. 98368, \$5.95)

This book is so hokey it's often funny, but unfortunately it's not funny enough to prevent it from being basically boring. For those unimaginative enough that they can't come up with the simple ideas and basic guidelines for anonymous revenge contained within on their own, it might be worth spending \$5.95. As for the rest of us, there are plenty of more intellectually challenging and practically exciting books that need to be read.

Columbia Anarchist League books

BEGIN AT START by Su Negrin

Some thoughts on personal liberation and world change: Begin at survival, begin with our own unfreedom. Begin in our own daily lives. The personal is political because a change in the intimate power relationships of our everyday lives is necessary for a free world. The political is personal because we need the power to determine our own lives. 173pp \$3.05

LETTERS OF INSURGENTS by Sophia Nachalo and Yarostan Vocheh

An intricately woven and incredibly absorbing tale of the lives of two eastern European radicals who played quite different parts in an insurrectionary period during their youths, and whose rediscovery of each other across continents helps them uncover some of the hidden meanings of their own past and present "radicalism." 83pp \$6.70

THE EGO AND ITS OWN by Max Stirner

The ultimate case of the individual against authority, and an unsurpassed critique of all ideology. 366pp \$7.50

A PRIMER OF LIBERTARIAN EDUCATION by Joel Spring

"Spring places the radical challenge into its own tradition of libertarian anarchism." -Ivan Illich. 157pp \$7.20

SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL ANTHOLOGY edited by Ken Knabb

An indispensable collection of articles from the S.I., one of the groups which contributed most to the redefinition of contemporary radicalism. 406pp \$9.05

THE REVOLUTION OF EVERYDAY LIFE by Raoul Vaneigem

A powerful book developing the theme of radical subjectivity, by a then-member of the Situationist International. 216pp \$6.75

SOCIETY OF THE SPECTACLE by Guy Debord

One of the two major texts to come out of the Situationist International. "In societies where modern conditions of production prevail all of life presents itself as an immense accumulation of spectacles. Everything that was directly lived has moved away into a representation." (from the text) 221p \$2.35

AGAINST HIS-STORY, AGAINST LEVIATHAN by Fredy Perlman

302pp \$3.75

DRAWING THE LINE by Paul Goodman

272pp \$6.25

THE IRRATIONAL IN POLITICS by Maurice Brinton

95pp \$1.55

THE HISTORY OF THE MAKINOVIST MOVEMENT by Peter Arshinov

284pp \$2.80

ON ORGANIZATION by Gianni Colla and Jacques Camatte

40pp \$5.00

ESSAYS ON MARX'S THEORY OF VALUE by I.L. Rubin

275pp \$4.45

THE ANARCHISTS OF CASAS VIEJAS by Jerome Mintz

336ppHC \$7.20

A PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES by Howard Zinn

614pp \$7.70

WAYS TO SELF RULE by George Fischer

244ppHC \$7.35

WITH THE PEASANTS OF ARAGON by Augustin Soucy

Bauer 145pp \$3.60

THE STATE by Franz Oppenheimer

122pp \$3.75

THE POLITICS OF URBAN LIBERATION by Stephen Schecter

203pp \$8.75

COLLECTIVES IN THE SPANISH REVOLUTION by Gaston Leval

368pp \$7.70

THE MANIFESTO OF PEACE AND FREEDOM: The Alternative to the Communist Manifesto by K.H.Z. Solenman

234pp \$11.25

KROPOTKIN by Martin A. Miller

342pp \$3.20

THE HISTORY OF SHOCK TREATMENT by Leonard Frank

206pp \$8.50

VISION ON FIRE by Emma Goldman

the Spanish Revolution edited by David Porter 346pp \$7.00

MALATESTA: Life & Ideas edited by Vernon Richards

309pp \$5.40

JOURNEY THROUGH UTOPIA by Marie Louise Berneri

339pp \$5.55

THE MODERN CRISIS by Murray Bookchin

167pp \$7.00

THE RADICAL TRADITION by Richard Gombin

153ppHC \$5.45

BLACKLISTED NEWS: Secret Histories from Chicago to 1984 by the New Yippie Book Collective

733pp \$10.95

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE by Ratgeb (Vaneigem)

45pp \$2.30

ABC OF ANARCHISM by Alexander Berkman

86pp \$2.80

QUIET RUMOURS: An Anarcho-feminist Anthology

72pp \$2.80

NEUTRON GUN by Gerry Reith

69pp \$2.50

THE REFUSAL OF WORK from Echanges et Mouvement

64pp \$1.50

DYNAMITE: A Century of Class Violence in America by Louis Adamic

224pp \$7.25

THE CONQUEST OF BREAD by Peter Kropotkin

213pp \$6.75

THE RUSSIAN TRAGEDY by Alexander Berkman

93pp \$4.50

THE BOLSHEVIKS AND WORKER'S CONTROL by Maurice Brinton

86pp \$2.05

THE CONTINUING APPEAL OF NATIONALISM by Fredy Perlman

58pp \$1.50

Ordering info.

These are some of the major titles we stock. All the above titles plus many more we don't have room to list here are available on consignment at our local food cooperative, the COLUMBIA COMMUNITY GROCERY, at 1100 Locust Street. They are also available postpaid from the Columbia Anarchist League, POB 380, Columbia, MO. 65205. The Community Grocery also carries many current anarchist periodicals on its magazine consignment shelves. And, of course, the latest ANARCHY is always available in the newspaper machine out front!

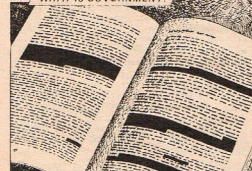
Available from the COLUMBIA COMMUNITY GROCERY at 1100 LOCUST St.

① WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?



REGULATED, INDOCTRINATED, PREACHED AT, CONTROLLED, RULED,

② WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?



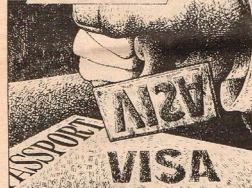
CENSORED BY PERSONS WHO HAVE NEITHER WISDOM NOR VIRTUE.

③ WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?



IT IS IN EVERY ACTION AND TRANSACTION

④ WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?



TO BE REGISTERED, STAMPED,

⑤ WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?



TAXED, PATENTED, LICENSED, ASSESSED,

⑥ WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?



MEASURED, REPRIMANDED, CORRECTED, FRUSTRATED.

Dwellers in the Land; The Bioregional Vision, by Kirkpatrick Sale (published by Sierra Club Books, San Francisco, 1985) \$14.95

Kirkpatrick Sale is no stranger to anarchists. Many of us have already encountered some of his contributions—notably his history of Students for a Democratic Society, SDS, and his major work, *Human Scale*, both of which have an obvious relevance to anarchists.

His most recent book, *Dwellers in the Land; The Bioregional Vision*, expresses his continuing con-

cern for both the development of radical social movements and the central importance he attaches to the parameter of scale in human life. In fact, his purpose is broader than this. In *Dwellers in the Land* he not only works out some of the mutual implications involved in the reconciliation of these two major concerns, he attempts to go even further by developing his version of a unitary concept that would subsume both—the concept of bioregionalism.*

Even if this were the extent of his aims, Sale's book would have an intrinsic interest for anarchists, who have always shared his concerns for developing radical social movements and for seeking a society based upon a more humanly rational scale. But he has taken a further step and recently addressed himself directly to anarchists, both in a review article which appeared in *Social Anarchism* No. 10 and in a (rather poorly edited) short interview appearing in *Kick It Over* No. 17.

Indeed, in *Social Anarchism* he goes so far as to advocate "cross-pollination between the adherents of the ecological vision (ed. note: i.e. bioregionalism), who seem to badly need some human dimension to their thought and some greater political cast to their work, and the adherents of the anarcho-communal vision, who could gain from the new insights provided by ecological analyses and the energy of the growing number of people attracted to it." He believes that, "Properly guided, the Green movement seems to offer a natural setting for these two political philosophies to combine and a natural means by which they can be carried outward to a wider public." It was with these comments in mind that I read his new book, hoping to find a new and challenging hybridization of anarchist and ecological themes within an encompassing "bioregional" framework. However, I was sadly disappointed.

Unlike the strident polemics issued by many radicals—architects & ecologists alike—the tone of Sale's book seems calculated to keep readers calm and rational as they are exposed to the potentially threatening and radical ideas of bioregionalism. Unfortunately, though, not only are the readers reactions buffered by the somnambulant tone, but the radical ideas themselves seem to have evaporated along the way somewhere. We're left with only a Milquetoast vision which Sale might more profitably sell to newagers or neo-liberals rather than to anarchists.

The problems with Sale's book begin with its start and snowball from there on. In the first place, rather than casting the concept of bioregionalism

*The concept of bioregionalism itself is largely a creation of the Planet Drum Foundation and its newspaper *Raise the Stakes*.

with a little humility as an ecological social theory and exploring its possible relevance for us as such, he immediately goes for a grandstand play and portrays bioregionalism as a new religion. Not only is bioregionalism supposed to be a theory about how we can live in harmony with nature and with each other, but more importantly for Sale, it's a religion which requires that we worship "nature" in the guise of the earth goddess Gaea. What are we to make of this?

There seems to be a very persistent tendency among those interested in pushing ostensibly "radical" ecological visions to formulate them in either blatantly ideological or explicitly religious

tions) which has all but disappeared from the consciousness of the industrialized world.

Sale goes on to describe the results of abandoning this respect for the earth, of placing more value in the wealth which can be extracted from the earth than in the wealth that consists in living on an earth perceived as our home. And undoubtedly non-ecological hubris has encouraged the eventual collapse of many civilizations before ours. Sale mentions the Mycenaeans, the Romans, the Sumerians and the Mayans among other examples.

He thus places our own civilization within this perspective, saying, "But in no previous society did the abandonment

The bioregional vision

by Lev Cherniy

terms. In this Sale is no different from Deval and Sessions with their "deep ecology," Murray Bookchin with his "social ecology," or Sprenak and Capra with their spiritualized "green politics" (or, to mention a local boy not exactly in the same league, but still with the same pretensions, David Haeckle with his rather more crude "political ecology").**

Of course this isn't too surprising given the fact that the phenomena of ideology and religion are so pervasive in our alienated society that they virtually define the limits of discourse for most people. But, especially when it comes to ostensibly radical ecological thought, this should not be the case since it ought to be obvious to such people that we are precisely not separate from nature, and that we do not stand in a hierarchical relation to either nature conceived as other or to a god or goddess of nature which we must in turn be forced (or otherwise morally obliged) to serve, worship and obey. This reification of nature and our relationship to it is inexcusable, especially for those theorists with any kind of libertarian orientation.

As it is Sale begins his story describing the earth in the words of Plato as "a living creature, one and visible, containing within itself all creatures." To the ancient Greeks this living earth was indeed seen as a goddess named Gaea, the mother of all. And it was apparently quite common for the more nature-based societies of history (and possibly also of pre-history***) to see "mother earth" as one of their central deities. But what is more significant, it is undeniably true that early nature-based peoples had a respect for the natural world as a living world (despite, I would say, not because of their religious orienta-

Contrary to Sale's bald contentions, religion is (in its form if not always in rhetorical content) anti-ecological. If animism was the origin of religion, it also represents the beginning of modern alienation—the first turning away from nature in the form of the fetishization and reification of spirits in a realm separate from the experienced unity of natural life.

**For a review of David Haeckle's *Ecological Politics and Bioregionalism* see ANARCHY; a journal of Desire Armed No. 11. I also intend to review Sprenak and Capra's *Green Politics* in Bookchin's *The Ecology of Freedom* in upcoming issues of ANARCHY.

***The question of whether all pre-literate, pre-historic peoples actually saw and experienced their worlds in the alienating categories of religion is impossible to determine. It is certain, however, that with most anthropologists' and archeologists' uncritical prejudice concerning the ubiquity of religion in human social evolution that even when there is no evidence whatsoever to suggest a religion existed for a people, one will be invented for them.

of Gaea reach the scale it reached in Europe in the centuries after the Renaissance, the period of which we today are the exuberant consumption." And he correctly places the development of science as a central feature of our current alienation from the natural world. However, Sale's description of science shows only a superficial understanding of its development, especially regarding its relationship to religion.

Sale maintains that "with the development of...science...all animistic, all venerative, all religious conceptions of the earth were deposed. In their stead came a new vision supported by the incontrovertible findings of physics, chemistry, mechanics, astronomy, and mathematics: the scientific worldview." What he fails to see is that scientific ideologies are not purely antithetical to religious conceptions of the world, a claim hardly more true in reality than the contention that protestantism is purely antithetical to catholicism. Rather science and religion are two facets of the same complex phenomenon. The scientific and mechanistic ideologies to which we are heir all developed out of Christianity, which in turn was itself a mutant strand of development from the earlier religions of more nature-based societies. That both Christianity and science represent examples of the more life-denying aspects of the ideological/religious impulse makes neither their own intimate relationship, nor their relationship with earlier (and somewhat less blatantly anti-natural) religions any less real or significant.

Contrary to Sale's bald contentions, religion is (in its form if not always in rhetorical content) anti-ecological. If animism was the origin of religion, it also represents the beginning of modern alienation—the first turning away from nature in the form of the fetishization and reification of spirits in a realm separate from the experienced unity of natural life. This primal confusion of the symbolic realm with a separate spirit-reality was one of the first steps eventually leading to our modern confusion over the meanings that the abstractions of scientific ideologies now hold for us. It foreshadowed our contemporary scientific form of "animism" in which the original reified spirits of the "primitives" have been transformed into the matter, energy and natural laws that are now said to esoterically lie behind all phenomena. Even Sale is dimly aware of this fact when he says that science "has become, in short, our God."

In some circles the old mechanistic paradigm (to use the new-age cliché word) of the developing scientific revolution is now giving way to a more refined and less vulgarly materialistic version. This has been more or more celebrated by many contemporary writers who speak toward ecological concerns. But in the last analysis this represents only another layer of mystification being added to the already deep conceptual of conceptual reification and self-alienation through which we already interpret our worlds. The mechanistic paradigm was one perfected tendency of religious thought. The "new physics" will only lead to the ascension of another, more sophisticated yet just as alienating tendency of the religious impulse.

Regardless of the origins and meaning of religion and science, though, it

Continued on page 9

Theses on libertarian municipalism

by Murray Bookchin

Historically, radical social theory and practice have focused on two arenas of human societal activity: the workplace and the community. Beginning with the rise of the Nation-State and with the Industrial Revolution, the economy has acquired a predominant position over the community — not only in capitalist ideology but in the various socialisms, libertarian and authoritarian, that emerged early in the last century. The shift from an ethical emphasis on socialism to an economic one is a problem of far-reaching proportions that has been widely discussed. What is relevant to the immediate issue at hand is that the socialisms themselves early acquired disquieting bourgeois attributes of their own, a development most markedly revealed by the Marxian vision of attaining human emancipation by the domination of nature, a historic project that presumably entailed the 'domination of man by man,' the Marxian and bourgeois rationale for the emergence of class society as a 'pre-condition' for human emancipation.

Unfortunately, the libertarian wing of socialism — the anarchist — did not consistently advance the primacy of ethics over the economic. Perhaps understandably so, with the rise of the factory system, the *locus classicus* of capitalist exploitation, and the emergence of the industrial proletariat as the 'bearer' of a new society. For all its moral fervor, the syndicalist adaptation to industrial society and its image of the libertarian trade union as the infrastructure of a liberated world marked a disturbing shift in emphasis from communitarianism to industrialism, from communal values to factory values.* Certain works which acquired an almost doxographic sanctity in syndicalism were to heighten the significance of the factory and, more generally, the workplace in radical theory, not to speak of the messianic role of the 'Proletariat.' The limits of this analysis, too, need not be examined here. Superficially, they seemed to be justified by the events of the First World War era and the 1930s. Today, the situation is otherwise; and the fact that we can criticize them with the sophistication provided by decades of hindsight hardly allows us the right to patronizingly dismiss proletarian socialism for its lack of foresight.

But the point must be made: the factory, and for much of history the workplace, has actually been the primary arena not only of exploitation but of hierarchy — this together with the patriarchal family. It has served not to 'discipline,' 'unite,' and 'organize' the proletariat for revolutionary change, but to school it in the habits of subordination, obedience, and mindless drudgery. The proletariat, as do all oppressed sectors of society, comes to life when it sheds its industrial habits in the free and spontaneous activity of *communizing* — the living process that gives meaning to the word 'community.' Here, workers shed their strictly class nature, their status as the counterpart of the bourgeoisie, and reveal their human nature. The anarchic ideal of decentralized, stateless, collectively managed, and directly democratic communities — of confederated municipalities or 'communes' — speaks almost intuitively, and in the best works of Proudhon and Kropotkin, consciously, to the transforming role of libertarian municipalism as the framework of a liberatory society, rooted in the nonhierarchical ethics of a unity of diversity, self-formation and self-management, complementarity, and mutual aid.

The Commune, *qua* municipality or city, must be singled out from its purely functional role as an economic realm, where human beings acquire the opportunity to perform nonagricultural tasks, or as the 'imploded centre' (to use Lewis Mumford's language) of heightened

intercourse and propinquity to illuminate its historic function in transforming the quasi-tribal folk united by blood ties and custom into a body politic of citizens united by ethical values based on reason.

This vast transforming function brought the 'stranger' or 'outsider' into a common bond with the traditional *genoi* and created a new sphere of interrelationships: the realm of *polisnomos* — literally, the managing of a *polis* or city. It is from this conjunction of *nomos* and *polis* that the abbreviated word 'politics' derives, a term that has been

"The anarchic ideal of decentralized, stateless, collectively managed, and directly democratic communities—of confederated municipalities or 'communes'—speaks almost intuitively..., to the transforming role of libertarian municipalism as the framework of a liberatory society, rooted in the nonhierarchical ethics of a unity of diversity, self-formation and self-management, complementarity, and mutual aid."

denatured into mere statecraft, just as the word *polis* has been mistranslated as 'State.' These distinctions are not etymological niceties. They reflect a very real degradation of *concepts*, each of immense importance in itself, to suit ideological ends. Anti-authoritarians are repelled by the degradation of the term 'society' into 'State,' and with good reason. The State, as we know, is a distinct artifact of ruling classes, a professionalized monopoly of violence to assure the subjugation and exploitation of human by human. Anthropology and social theory have shown how it began to slowly emerge from the broader background of hierarchical relationships, its varying forms and degrees of development, its full contours in the modern Nation-State, and possibly its future, most complete form in the totalitarian State. So, too, anti-authoritarians know that the family, workplace, cultural forms of association in the fullest, anthropological sense of the word 'cultural,' personal inter-relationships, and generally the private sphere of life, are uniquely *social* and intrinsically distinguishable from *statist*. That the social and the statist can infiltrate each other such that archaic despotisms were examples of the patriarchal *oikos* writ large and the modern totalitarian State's absorption of the social reflects the expanded meaning of the word 'bureaucracy' (the psychotherapeutic and educational realms as well as the traditional administrative) are evidence of the impurities that exist in all modes of societal organization.

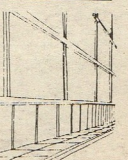
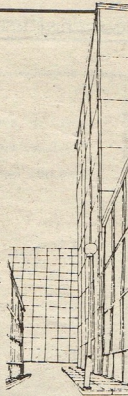
The emergence of the city opens to us in varying degrees of development not only the new domain of universal *humanitas* as distinguished from the parochial folk, of the free space of an innovative civicism as distinguished from tradition-bound, biocentric *gemeinschaften*; it also opens to us the realm of *polisnomos*, the management of the *polis* by a body politic of free citizens, in short, of *politics* as distinguished from the strictly social and statist. History affords us no 'pure' category of the 'political' realm any more than it offers us any image beyond the band and village level of non-hierarchical social relationships — and,

"...the factory, and for much of history the workplace, has actually been the primary arena not only of exploitation but of hierarchy—this together with the patriarchal family. It has served not to 'discipline,' 'unite,' and 'organize' the proletariat for revolutionary change, but to school it in the habits of subordination, obedience, and mindless drudgery."

until recent times, of pure statist institutions. 'Purity' is a word that can be introduced into social theory only at the expense of any contact with reality as we have known it in history. But approximations of a politics, invariably civic in character, do exist that are not primarily social or statist: the Athenian democracy, New England town meetings, the sectional assemblies and Paris Commune of 1793, to cite the most noteworthy examples. Fairly permanent in some cases, ephemeral in others, and admittedly greatly flawed by so many of the oppressive features that marked all the societal relationships of the eras in which

* For a particularly disturbing example, one has only to read Abad de Santillan's *El Organismo Económico de la Revolución* (Barcelona, 1936), translated into English under the title *After the Revolution*, a work that exercised immense influence on the CNT-FAI.

Murray Bookchin has been a major spokesperson for more than twenty years for the ecology, appropriate technology and anti-nuclear movements. He is the author of seven books, including *Our Synthetic Environment*, *Post-Scarcity Anarchism*, *The Limits of the City*, *Toward An Ecological Society* and *The Ecology of Freedom*. He lives in Vermont and is Director Emeritus of the Social Ecology Institute.



they existed, they can nevertheless be collected in their small fragments and large pieces to provide an image of a political realm that is neither parliamentary nor bureaucratic, centralized nor professionalized, social nor statist, but rather civic in its recognition of the city's role of transforming a folk or a monadic agglomeration of individuals into a citizenry based on ethical and rational modes of association.

To define the social, political, and statist in their categorical specificity and to see the city in its historical evolution as the arena within which the political emerges *apart* from the social and the statist is to open areas of investigation whose programmatic importance is enormous. The modern era is defined 'civically' by urbanization, a malignant perversion of citification that threatens to engulf both town and country, and render their historic dialectic almost unintelligible in modern eyes. The confusion between urbanization and citification is as obscurantist today as the confusion between society and State, collectivization and nationalization, or, for that matter, politics and parliamentarism. The *urbs* in Roman usage were the physical facts of the city, its buildings, squares, streets, as distinguished from the *civitas*, the union of citizens or body politic. That the two words were not interchangeable until late imperial times when the very concept of 'citizenship' had declined, indeed, to be replaced by caste-oriented names and subjects of the Roman imperium, tells us a very poignant and highly relevant fact. The Gracchi had tried to turn the *urbs* into a *civitas*, to recreate the Athenian *ekklesia* at the expense of the Roman Senate. They failed, and the *urbs* devoured the *civitas* in the form of the Empire. Conceivably, the yeoman-citizens who formed the backbone of the Republic could have turned it into a democracy, but once they 'came down from the Seven Hills' on which Rome was founded, they became 'small,' to use Heine's words. The 'idea of Rome' as an ethical heritage diminished

"Rousseau quite rightly emphasized that popular power cannot be delegated without being destroyed. One either has a fully empowered popular assembly or power belongs to the state. The flaw of delegated power completely tainted the council system (soviets, Raten), the Commune of 1871, and, of course, republican systems generally, whether municipal or national. The words 'representative democracy' are a contradiction in terms."

in direct proportion to the growth of the city. Hence, "The greater Rome grew, the more this idea dilated; the individual lost himself in it: the great men who remain eminent are borne up by this idea, and it makes the littleness of the little men even more pronounced."

There is a lesson, here, to be learned on the perils of hierarchy and 'greatness,' but also an intuitive sense of the distinction between urbanization and citification, the growth of the *urbs* at the expense of the *civitas*. But still another question arises: is the *civitas* or body politic meaningful unless it is literally, indeed, protoplasmically, embodied? Rousseau reminds us that "houses make a town, but [only] citizens make a city." Conceived as merely an 'electorate' or a 'constituency,' or, to use the most degraded word the State has applied to them, 'taxpayers' — a term that is virtually a euphemism for a 'subject' — the inhabitants of the *urbs* became abstractions and, hence, mere 'creatures of the State,' to use American juridical language in regard to the legal status of a municipal entity today. A people whose sole 'political' function is to vote for delegates is no people at all; it is a 'mass,' an agglomeration of monads. Politics, as distinguished from the social and statist, involves the re-embodiment of masses into richly articulated assemblies, the formation of a body politic in an arena of discourse, shared rationality, free expression, and radically democratic modes of decision-making.

The process is interactive and self-formative. One may choose to agree with Marx that 'men' form themselves as producers of material things; with Fichte, as ethically motivated individuals; with Aristotle, as dwellers in a *polis*; with Bakunin, as seekers of freedom. But in the absence of self-management in all these spheres of life — economic, ethical, political, and libertarian — the character formation which transforms 'men' from passive objects into active subjects is painfully lacking. Selfhood is as much a function of 'managing,' or, preferably, communizing, as managing is a function of selfhood. Both belong to the formative process the Germans call *bildung* and the Greeks *paideia*. The civic arena, whether as *polis*, town, or neighbourhood, is literally the cradle for civilizing human beings beyond the socializing process provided by the family. And to put matters bluntly, civic 'civilizing' is merely another expression for *politicizing* and rendering a mass into a deliberative, rational, ethical body politic. To achieve this concept

of *civitas* presupposes that human beings can assemble as more than isolated monads, discourse directly with modes of expression that go 'beyond words,' reason in a direct, face-to-face manner, and arrive peacefully at a commonality of views that renders decisions possible and their implementation consistent with democratic principles. In forming and functioning in such assemblies, citizens are also forming themselves, for politics is nothing if it is not educational and if its innovative openness does not promote character formation.

Hence the municipality is not merely a 'place' in which one lives, an 'investment' into a home, sanitary, health, and security services, a job, library, and cultural amenities. Citification historically formed a sweeping transition of humanity from tribal into civil modes of life that was as revolutionary as the transition from hunting-gathering to food cultivation, and from food cultivation into manufacturing. Despite the absorptive powers of the State, a later development, to meld civicism with nationalism and politics with statecraft, the 'Urban Revolution,' as V. Gordon Childe was to call it, was no less sweeping than the Agricultural Revolution and the Industrial Revolution. Moreover, like all its predecessors, the Nation-State still contains this past in its belly and has not fully digested it. Urbanization may well complete what the Roman Caesars, the Absolute monarchies, and the bourgeois republics failed to do — obliterate even the heritage of the Urban Revolution — but this has not yet been accomplished.

Before turning to the revolutionary implications of a libertarian municipal approach and the libertarian politics it yields, it is necessary to deal with one more theoretical problem: policy-making as distinguished from mere administration. On this score, Marx, in his analysis of the Paris Commune of 1871, has done radical social theory a considerable disservice. The Commune's combination of delegated policy-making with the execution of policy by its own administrators, a feature of the Commune which Marx celebrated, is a major failing of that body. Rousseau quite rightly emphasized that popular power cannot be delegated without being destroyed. One either has a fully empowered popular assembly or power belongs to the State. The flaw of delegated power completely tainted the council system (soviets, *Raten*), the Commune of 1871, and, of course, republican systems generally, whether municipal or national. The words 'representative democracy' are a contradiction in terms. A people cannot engage in *polissonomy* by placing *nomen*-making, legislation, or *nomenclature* in surrogate bodies that exclude it from the discourse, reasoning, and deciding that gives politics its very identity. No less significantly, it cannot deliver to administration — the mere execution of policy — the power to formulate what must be administered without laying the groundwork for the State.

The supremacy of the assembly as a formulator of policy over that of any administrative agency is the only guarantor, to the extent that one exists, of the supremacy of politics over statecraft. This unblemished degree of supremacy is all the more crucial in a society that is entangled with experts and executors for the operations of its highly specialized social machinery, and the problem of maintaining popular-assembly supremacy is only heightened during any period of transition from an administratively centralized society to a decentralized one. Only if assemblies of the people, from city neighbourhoods to small towns, maintain the most demanding vigilance and scrutiny over any coordinating confederal bodies is a libertarian democracy conceivable. Structurally, this issue poses no problems. Communities have relied on experts and administrators without losing their freedom from time immemorial. The destruction of these communities has usually been a statist act, not an administrative one as such. Priestly corporations and chiefdoms have relied on ideology and, very significantly, on public naïveté, not primarily on force, to attenuate popular power and ultimately eliminate it.

The State has never absorbed the totality of life in the past, a fact which Kropotkin implicitly indicated in *Mutual Aid* when he described the richly textured civic life that existed even in oligarchic medieval communes. Indeed, the city has commonly been the principal countervailing force to imperial and National-States from ancient times to the recent present. Augustus and his heirs made the suppression of municipal autonomy a centrepiece of Roman imperial administration as did the Absolute monarchs of the Reformation era. To 'tear down the city walls' was a fixed policy of Louis XIII and Richelieu, a policy that was to surface later when the Robespierist Committee of Public Safety moved ruthlessly to restrict the powers of the Commune in 1793-94. The 'Urban Revolution,' in effect, has haunted the State as an irrepressible *dual power*, a potential challenge to centralized power throughout much of history. This tension exists to the present day, as witness the conflicts between the centralized State and the municipality in America and England. Here, in the most immediate environment of the individual — the community, the neighbourhood, the town,

or the village — where private life slowly begins to phase into public life, the authentic locus for functioning on a base level exists insofar as urbanization has not totally destroyed it. When urbanization will have effaced city life so completely the city no longer has its own identity, culture, and spaces for consociation, the bases for democracy — in whatever way the word is defined — will have disappeared and the question of revolutionary forms will be a shadow game of abstractions.

By the same token, no radical outlook based on libertarian forms and their possibilities is meaningful in the absence of the radical consciousness that will give these forms content and a sense of direction. Let there be no mistake about the fact that all democratic and libertarian forms can be turned against the achievement of freedom if they are conceived schematically, as abstract ends that lack that ideological substance and organicity from which every form draws its liberatory meaning. Moreover, it would be naive to believe that forms like neighbourhood, town, and popular communal assemblies could rise to the level of a libertarian public life or give rise to a libertarian body politic without a highly conscious, well-organized, and programmatically coherent libertarian movement. It would be equally naive to believe that such a libertarian movement could emerge without that indispensable radical *intelligentsia* whose medium is its own intensely vibrant community life (one is reminded here of the French intelligentsia of the Enlightenment and the tradition it established in the quarters and cafés of Paris), not the assortment of anemic *intellectuals* who staff the academies and institutes of western society. * Unless anarchists develop this waning stratum of thinkers who live a vital public life in a searching communication with their social environment, they will be faced with the very real danger of turning ideas into dogmas and becoming the self-righteous surrogates of once-living movements and people who belong to another historical era.

It is undeniably true that one can play fast-and-loose with words like 'municipality' and 'community,' 'assemblies' and 'direct democracy,' overlooking the class, ethnic, and gender differences that have made words like 'the People' into meaningless, even obscurantistic, abstractions. The sectional assemblies of 1793 were not only forced into conflict with the more bourgeois Paris Commune and the National Convention; they were battlegrounds in their own right between property and propertyless strata, royalists and democrats, moderates and radicals. To anchor these strata in exclusively economic interests can be as misleading as to ignore class differences entirely and speak of 'fraternity' or 'liberty' and 'equality' as though these words were often little more than rhetoric. Enough has been written, however, to thoroughly demystify the humanistic slogans of the great 'bourgeois' revolutions; indeed, so much has been done to reduce them to mere reflexes of narrow bourgeois self-interest that we now risk the possibility of losing all sight of their populist *utopian* dimension. After so much has been said about the economic conflicts that divided the English, American, and French revolutions, future histories of these great dramas would now serve us best if they revealed the bourgeoisie's fear of *all* revolutions, its innate conservatism and proclivity for compromising with the established order. They would also serve us best if they revealed how the oppressed strata of the revolutionary era pushed the 'bourgeois' revolutions beyond the narrow confines the bourgeoisie itself established into remarkable areas of democratic principles with which the bourgeoisie has always lived in an uneasy and suspicious accommodation. The various 'rights' these revolutions formulated were achieved not because of the bourgeoisie but in spite of it by the American yeoman farmers in the 1770s and the *sans culottes* of the 1790s — and their future becomes increasingly questionable in a growing corporate and cybernetic world.

But this very future and recent trends — technological, societal, and cultural which shake up and threaten to decompose the traditional class structure produced by the Industrial Revolution — raise the prospect that a general interest can emerge out of the particular class interests created by the past two centuries. The word 'people' may well return to the radical vocabulary — not as an obscurantist abstraction but as a highly meaningful expression of increasingly rootless, fluid, and technologically displaced strata which can no longer be integrated into a cybernetic and highly mechanized society. To the technologically displaced strata we can add the elderly and the young who face a dubious future in a world that can no longer define the roles people play in its economy and culture. These strata no longer fit elegantly

"But nature as such knows no laws.

She acts unconsciously..."

Michael Bakunin



into a simplistic division of class conflicts that radical theory structured around 'wage labour' and 'capital.'

The 'people' may return to this era in still another sense: notably as a 'general interest' that is formed out of public concern over ecological, community, moral, gender, and cultural issues. It would be unwise to downplay the crucial role of these seemingly marginal 'ideological' concerns. As Franz Borkenau emphasized nearly fifty years ago, the history of the past century tells us only too clearly that the proletariat can become more enamoured of nationalism than socialism and be guided more by a 'patriotic' interest than a 'class' interest, as any one who visits the United States today would quickly learn. Quite aside from the historic influence such ideological movements as Christianity and Islam have exercised, both of which *still* reveal the power of ideology to rise above material interest, we are also faced with the power of ideology to work in a socially progressive direction — notably ecological, feminist, ethnic, moral, and countercultural ideologies within which one encounters pacifist and utopistic anarchist components that await integration into a coherent outlook. In any case, new social movements are developing around us which cross traditional class lines. From this ferment, a general interest may yet be formed which is larger in its scope, novelty, and creativity than the economically oriented particular interests of the past. And it is from this ferment that a 'people' can emerge and sort itself out into assemblies and like forms, a 'people' that transcends particularistic interests and gives a heightened relevance to a libertarian municipal orientation.

At a time when Orwell's image of 1984 can be clearly translated into the 'megapolis' of a highly centralized State and a highly corporatized society, we must explore the possibility of counterposing to these statist and social developments a third realm of human practice: the political realm created by the municipality, a historic development of the Urban Revolution itself that has not been fully digested by the State. Revolution always translates itself into dual power: the industrial union, soviet or council, and the Commune, all oriented against the State. A thorough examination of history will show that the factory, a creature of bourgeois rationalization, has never been the locus of

* For all its shortcomings and failings, it was this radical intelligentsia that provided the cutting edge of every revolutionary project in history — and, in fact, literally *projected* the very idea of social change from which the people drew their social insights. Perils was to exemplify them in the ancient world, a John Ball or a Thomas Munter in the medieval and Reformation eras, a Denis Diderot during the Enlightenment, an Emile Zola and Jean-Paul Sartre in relatively recent times. The academic *intellectual* is a fairly recent phenomenon: a bookish, cloistered, incestuous, and career-oriented creature who lacks life experience and practice.

revolution; the most explicitly revolutionary workers (the Spanish, Russian, French, and Italian) have mainly been transitional classes, indeed traditional decomposing agrarian strata which were subject to the discordant and ultimately corrosive impact of an industrial culture that is itself already becoming a traditional one. Today, in fact, where workers are still in motion, their battle is largely defensive (ironically, a battle to maintain an industrial system that is faced with displacement by a capital-intensive, increasingly cybernetic technology) and reflect the last stirrings of a waning economy.

The city, too, is dying — but in a very different sense from the factory. The factory was never the realm of freedom. It was always the realm of survival, of 'necessity,' which disempowered and desiccated the human world around it. Its emergence was bitterly resisted by craftspeople, agrarian communities, and a more humanly scaled and communalistic world. Only the naïveté of a Marx and Engels who fostered the myth that the factory serves to 'discipline,' 'unite,' and 'organize' the proletariat could oblige radicals, mystified in their own right by the ideal of a 'scientific socialism,' to ignore its authoritarian and hierarchical role. The abolition of the factory by an ecotechnics, creative work, and, yes, by cybernetic devices designed to meet human needs, is a desideratum of socialism in its libertarian and utopian forms, indeed, a moral precondition for freedom.

By contrast, the Urban Revolution played a very different role. It essentially created the idea of a universal *humanitas* and the communalizing of that humanity along rational and ethical lines. It raised the limits to human development imposed by the kinship tie, the parochialism of the folk world, and the suffocating effects of custom. The dissolution of genuine municipalities by urbanization would mark a grave regression for societal life: a destruction of the uniquely human dimension of consociation, of the civil life that justifies any use of the word 'civilization' and the body politic that gives meaning and identity to the word 'politics.' Here, if theory and reality enter into conflict with each other, one is justified in invoking Georg Lukacs' famous remark: "So much the worse for the facts." Politics, so easily degraded by 'politicians' into statecraft, must be rehabilitated by anarchism in its original meaning as a form of civic participation and administration that stands in counterposition to the State and extends beyond those basic aspects

"These theses advance the view that a libertarian municipalism is possible and a new civic politics is definable as a dual power that can counterpose assembly and confederal forms to the centralized State.

As matters now stand in the Orwellian world of the 1980's, this perspective of dual power may well be one of the most important ones,..., that libertarians can hope to develop without compromising their anti-authoritarian principles."

of human intercourse we appropriately call social.* In a very radical sense, we must go back to the roots of the word in the *polis* and the unconscious stirrings of the people to create a domain for rational, ethical, and public intercourse which, in turn, gave rise to the ideal of the Commune and the popular assemblies of the revolutionary era.

Anarchism has always stressed the need for moral regeneration and for a counter-culture (to use this word in its best sense) against the prevailing culture. Hence its emphasis on ethics, its concern for a coherence of means and ends, its defence of human rights as well as civil rights, notably in its concern for oppression in every aspect of life. Its image of counter-institutions has been more problematic. It would be well to remember that there has always been a *communalist* tendency in anarchism, not only a syndicalist and an individualist one. Moreover, this communalist tendency has always had a strong municipalist orientation, one which can be gleaned from the writings of Proudhon and Kropotkin. What has been lacking is a searching examination of the political core of this orientation: the distinction between a realm of discourse, decision-making, and institutional development that is neither social nor statist. Civic politics is not intrinsically parliamentary politics; indeed, if we restore the authentic historic meaning of the word 'politics' to its rightful place in the radical

vocabulary, it is redolent of the Athenian citizens' assembly and its more egalitarian heir, the sectional assemblies of Paris. To reach back into these historic institutions, to enrich their content with our libertarian traditions and critical analyses, and to bring them to the surface of an ideologically confused world is to bring the past to the service of the present in a creative and innovative way. Every radical tendency is burdened by a certain measure of intellectual inertia, the anarchist no less than the socialist. The security of tradition can be so comforting that it ends all possible innovation, even among anti-authoritarians.

Anarchism is beleaguered by its concern over parliamentarism and statism. This concern has been amply justified by history, but it can also lead to a siege mentality that is no less dogmatic in theory than an electoral radicalism is corrupt in practice. Yet if libertarian municipalism is construed as an *organic* politics, a politics that emerges from the base level of human consociation into the fullness of a genuine body politic and participatory forms of citizenship, it may well be the last redoubt for a socialism oriented toward decentralized popular institutions. A major feature of a libertarian municipalist approach is that it can evoke lived traditions to legitimate its claims, traditions which, however fragmentary and tattered, still offer the potential for a participatory politics of challenging dimensions to the State. The Commune still lies buried in the city council; the sections still lie buried in the neighbourhood; the town meeting still lies buried in the township; confederal forms of municipal association still lie buried in regional networks of towns and cities. To recover a past that can live and be reworked to suit liberatory ends is not to be captive to tradition; it is to ferret out uniquely human goals of association that have abiding qualities in the human spirit — the *need for community as such* — and which have welled up repeatedly over the past. They linger in the present as stillborn hopes which people find within themselves at all times and which come to the surface of history in inspired moments of action and release.

These theses advance the view that a libertarian municipalism is possible and a new civic politics is definable as a dual power that can counterpose assembly and confederal forms to the centralized State. As matters now stand in the Orwellian world of the 1980s, this perspective of dual power may well be one of the most important ones, doubtless among others, that libertarians can hope to develop without compromising their anti-authoritarian principles. Further, these theses advance the view that an organic politics based on such radical participatory forms of civic association does not exclude the right of anarchists to alter city and town charters such that they validate the existence of directly democratic institutions. And if this kind of activity brings anarchists into city councils, there is no reason why such a politics should be construed as parliamentary, particularly if it is confined to the civic level and is consciously posed against the State.* It is curious that many anarchists who celebrate the existence of a 'collectivized' industrial enterprise, here and there, with considerable enthusiasm despite its emergence within a thoroughly bourgeois economic framework can view a municipal politics that entails 'elections' of any kind with repugnance, even if such a politics is structured around neighbourhood assemblies, recallable deputies, radically democratic forms of accountability, and deeply rooted localist networks.

The city is not congruent with the State. The two have very different origins and have played very different roles historically. That the State penetrates every aspect of life today, from the family to the factory, from the union to the city, does not mean that one self-righteously withdraws from every form of organized human interrelationships, indeed from one's own skin, to an empyrean realm of purity and abstraction, one that would validate Adorno's description of anarchism as a 'ghost.' If there are any ghosts that haunt us, they take the form of a dogmatism and ritualistic rigidity so inflexible that one slips into an intellectual *rigor mortis* no different in kind from that which settles over a corpse frozen in the eternity of death. The power of authority to command the individual physically will have then achieved a conquest more complete than the imperatives produced by mere coercion. It will have laid its hand on the human spirit itself — its freedom to think creatively and resist with ideas, even if its capacity to act is blocked for a time by events.

* Before concluding these remarks, it is worth noting that the distinction between the social and the political has a long pedigree, one which goes back to Aristotle and was to surface continually over the history of social theory, most recently in the works of Hannah Arendt. What both thinkers lacked was a theory of the State, hence the absence of a tripartite distinction in their writings.

* One would hope that the ghost of Paul Brousse is not invoked against this thesis. Brousse used the libertarian municipalism of the Commune, so deeply ingrained in the Parisian people of his time, against that very communalist tradition — that is, to practice a purely bourgeois form of parliamentarism, not to bring Paris and French municipalities into opposition to the centralized State, as the Commune of 1793 tried to do. There was nothing organic about his views of municipalism and nothing revolutionary about his intentions. Everyone has used the image of the Commune for different purposes. Marx to anchor his theory of the 'proletarian dictatorship' in historic precedent; Lenin to legitimate a totally Jacobin 'politics,' and anarchists, more critically, for communalism.

is clear that we are rapidly reaching the point of no return in a worldwide crisis whose features Sale points as well as anyone. His descriptions of the ecological concepts of "drawdown," "overshoot," "crash," and "die-off" are clear, concise and convincing. His examination of exactly where Homo Sapiens trajectory now lies in this cycle is reasoned. For those unconvinced that an ecological crisis is at hand (and has been for years now), Sale's arguments may not have any more impact than all the obvious signs present in the daily newspapers do. For the rest of us it serves as another reminder of the urgency of our steadily deteriorating situation, and of the necessity to present an alternative vision to

into knots over." And here at least one might expect that anarchists could be fairly well in agreement with him. However, his fetishized view of the parameter of scale overemphasizes its importance to the point where the phenomena of alienation and powerlessness are almost ignored. As he says, he believes that the concept of scale is "at bottom, the single critical and decisive determinant of all human constructs, be they buildings, systems or societies." This statement shows by just how far Sale misses the essential understanding of most anarchists that reified power (hierarchy or authority) is a more fundamental parameter, or in Sale's words a more "decisive determinant," and that in

Land Trusts he mentions in this context could ever by themselves involve more than a minute segment of primarily unprofitable land.

When it comes to discussing polity, Sale beats around the bush in an apparent attempt to avoid mentioning the concept of anarchy. Instead he describes the Taoism of Lao Tzu as one of the few "religions" to advocate "the decentralization of political power, the values of village and communal life and the goal of egalitarian status in families and kinship relations." And certainly Lao Tzu's philosophy of Taoism has a direct relevance for reconstructing a post-industrial radical ecological perspective, assuming as it does a unity of our

far-sighted or myopic?

counter the doom we'll all otherwise suffer.

For Sale, this alternative vision is organized around the concept of the "bioregion"—an area "defined by its life forms, its topography and its biota, rather than by human dictates; a region governed by nature, not legislature." In one of the weakest chapters of the book Sale also describes some of the "natural implications" of this concept, which include knowing the land, learning its lore, developing its potential, and liberating the self. And he recommends that "we can best guide ourselves in reconstructing human societies for a bioregional world" through the "diligent study" of the "laws of nature."

I doubt it's any coincidence that this central part of Sale's work, his description of the idea of bioregionalism and its major implications, is so weakly written, so uninspiring and so full of authoritarian imagery (laws and government). I think, rather, that it's symptomatic of a major failure of radical ecological thinking in general—the inability to perceive living nature from the inside.

At first sight radical ecologists appear puzzlingly unable to relate human nature to their grand concept of Nature in any sort of natural way. All their categories of analysis begin with a natural world so estranged from human experience that, despite the pervasive rhetoric of "holism," we continually seem to find ourselves cut off and separate—always on the outside looking in. But the puzzle is not solved when we look squarely at the fundamental dilemma of radical ecology. On the one hand there is an extreme and fairly well justified distrust of "internal nature" (human/social motives and activities) in relation to "external nature" (the rest of the world), leading to a theoretical duality in which internal nature becomes colored as always "evil" and external nature as consistently pure and "good." Yet on the other hand radical ecologists, remaining human beings themselves, can only speak to other "evil" human beings, since different life forms, geographic and geologic features, etc. are usually not very interested in theory per se.

Quite naturally then the outcome is a dualistic and ideological approach to theory in which dumb nature must be defended by the imposition of a new human morality. For if human nature is inherently bad, any good must be imposed upon it from without. And if good theory can only come from external nature, it can only come from a nature that is perceived as other-than-ourselves and not a nature perceived as a living unity whose flesh we all share. This almost inevitably translates into a moral demand that humanity submit to Nature's laws and suffer Nature's punishments. And so we move directly from the stern, humorless, authoritarian god of Christianity, to an equally stern and authoritarian, no-second-chance Nature which now threatens our extinction as a species.

Sale goes on to develop his "bioregional paradigm" further by discussing some of its crucial parameters—scale, economy, polity and society. And in the details of these discussions we can continue to see how far he is from having much of real worth to say to anarchists.

Sale begins his consideration of scale by arguing that "scale...solves many of the abstract and theoretical problems the philosophers dither themselves

At first sight radical ecologists appear puzzlingly unable to relate human nature to their grand concept of Nature.... All their categories of analysis begin with a natural world so estranged from human experience that, despite the pervasive rhetoric of "holism," we continually seem to find ourselves cut off and separate—always on the outside looking in.

actually the parameter of scale tends to be related to the level of reified power in a society as a largely dependent variable. In other words, if hierarchical power did not exist in a society, there would be little chance of any deformation of scale developing independently. Whereas it is quite easy to imagine an appropriately scaled society in which hierarchies might develop which goes on to extend its rule to larger-scale formations as it gains the technical capabilities to do so. In fact we could find many historical examples of such situations.

In his discussion of economy Sale promotes the usual ecological perspective which calls for sustainability and stability rather than development, progress and growth.*** Indeed, this is one of the stronger sections of the book, as Sale capably argues that a sustainable, conservative and ecological economy would depend upon a minimum number of goods and the minimum amount of environmental disruption along with the maximum use of renewable resources and the maximum use of human labor and ingenuity." Though even here he makes a few questionable claims and relies on a few too many conventional assumptions. For example, when he proposes a more labor intensive economy, he only in passing questions the fundamental nature of work itself, and argues for the traditional myopic leftist demand for the creation of "more jobs." Likewise, while he develops all the appropriate arguments for self-sufficiency—entailing self-regulation, self-reliance and self-empowerment—

he evades mentioning in context the essential problem which prevents its realization—the private, corporate and government ownership of land and the social means of production. In fact, he completely refuses to face the eventual necessity of displacing the actual owners and managers of the current economy, preferring instead to speak in vaguely utopian terms of possibilities like "communal ownership," as if the Community

***At this point I think most anarchists would agree with this, having returned largely to their traditional view which grew out of the anarchist movement's historical roots in peasant traditions, the guilds of artisans and craftsmen, and the independence of the petty bourgeois and the professions. It was only with the rise of the increasingly rootless industrial proletariat that a large segment of the anarchist movement entertained the mythos of unending development. But even the anarchists, who must accept the ideals of industrial society, were never very enthralled by it, unlike the Marxists who continue to sing its virtues.

animal nature and our world which is, contrary to Sale's vision, neither moralistic, nor ideological nor religious. But the best word Sale can muster for his description of the "politics" of nature turns out to be "libertarian." How reckless! How daring! Would it be too much to ask of someone who is proposing a "cross-pollination" of ecological and anarchist movements to at least unambiguously mention the existence of the anarchist tradition in such an appropriate context as this?

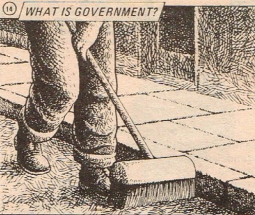
There is recurrent evidence of anti-authoritarian impulses behind Sale's description of a bioregional polity, such as his declaration that it "would seek the diffusion of power, the decentralization of institutions, with nothing done at a higher level than necessary, and all authority flowing upward incrementally from the smallest political unity to the largest." But he never follows through with this promise. Besides refusing to even mention the anarchist tradition, he describes the "goal of government...in the 20th century" in the most naive terms imaginable as "to provide liberty, equality, efficiency, welfare and security in some reasonable balance." (Please tell me what planet this man lives on!) And the tension between his authoritarian and anarchic impulses continues as he announces on one page "hierarchy and political domination would have no place; systems of ruler-and-ruled, of elected-president-and-elected-people, are non-ecological," only to completely reverse himself later on when he suggests the possibility of "some day establishing a national party and electing a President committed to bioregional empowerment."

In his discussion of society, Sale emphasizes the importance of symbiosis (he's not mention "mutual aid" or Kropotkin, though), and argues for a reconciliation of city and countryside (a traditionally anarchist and utopian theme, but let's not mention this either!). He also pushes the concept of homeorrthesis or "evolutionary adjustment" (as usual making it another natural "law") to argue among other things for evolutionary social change instead of revolution (and of course we all know that revolutions are never found in nature!).

But if all the confusions and contradictions in Sale's description of his bioregional vision become irritating and annoying after awhile, when we finally reach his prescription for change (the development of a bioregional movement), we are faced with a formula so full of superficiality, opportunism and mush-mindedness that it makes the rest of the book almost sound coherent by comparison.

To hear Sale tell it, it would seem that the bioregional movement has so much going for it that it can't miss. In fact at times it sounds as if he thinks the brave new bioregional world is already here. After all, as Sale says, "bioregionalism is a natural and organic response to what is arguably the most profound contemporary trend of all: the disintegration of the established forms and systems that have characterized the Western world—its industrial economy, its mass society, its nation-state—for most of the last five centuries." I hope you're more observant than I am, though, since I haven't once I haven't yet seen any industrial economies disintegrate, nor any hints that millions of people have recently

⑩ WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?



UNDER PRETEXT OF THE PUBLIC GOOD IT IS TO BE EXPLOITED,

⑩ WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?



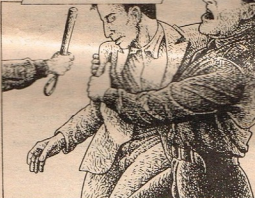
MONOPOLISED, EMBEZZLED, ROBBERED, AND THEN,

⑩ WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?



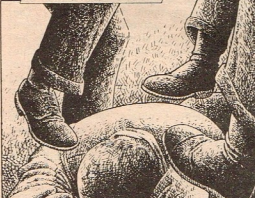
AT THE LEAST PROTEST OR WORD OF COMPLAINT,

⑩ WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?



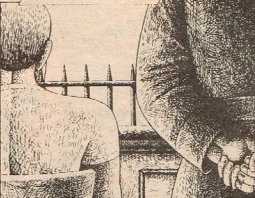
TO BE FINED, HARASSED, VILIFIED,

⑩ WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?



BEATEN UP, BLUDGEONED, DISARMED,

⑩ WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?



JUDGED, CONDEMNED, IMPRISONED,

Continued on page 5

Reader's Corner

A Summer Place

by Kerry Wendell Thornley

An imaginative entrepreneur began fashioning crowns of thorns out of strands of barbed wire that I had surrounded the presidential palace. Decorated with ribbons, they were sold as mementos of the revolution.

Approaching the miraculous ease with which Joshua caused the walls of Jericho to fall, unarmed civilians flocked around the strategic points of contention and kept government guns and tanks at bay.

In another sense, though, it was more like a second coming of the Love Generation of the sixties where it might be least expected—halfway around the world from the U.S. in a port on the South China Sea. Beautiful maidens handed flowers and candles to soldiers.

A revolution backed by a popular election left only sixteen dead and sent dictator Ferdinand Marcos packing, so the wife of his assassinated rival could step in as president.

A story-book revolution that scarcely seemed possible to the rest of the world even after it happened, the insurance of Wednesday, February 26th 1986, in Manila brought to my mind the words of Ramon Magsaysay, the last great president of the Philippines. Tired of the defeatist thinking of elderly advisors, Magsaysay said he preferred young men who did not yet understand what was impossible, so the impossible could be accomplished.

Let me tell you about the first time I saw Manila. In the middle of what in the U.S. was the winter of 1959-1960, equatorial Manila was a summer place—as a song by that title popular then kept reminding me when the heat didn't. (What was hard to remember, of course, was that it was December and January, not that I was in the tropics.) "My little corner of the world" was its rival; it seemed there was a top two instead of a top ten and that one or the other of them was always on someone's lips, or a juke box or radio.

Memories of Ramon Magsaysay, who had died some time ago, were still so poignantly fresh that to mention his name among Filipinos without bringing tears to their eyes seemed impossible. And since the plane he was in had crashed much else had become impossible once more as well. Honest government and a degree of economic justice were evidently among them.

"Magsaysay used to just pop up here and there in Manila without bodyguards! In this country everyone who wins a political office hires their relatives. Only Magsaysay used to also fire his relatives—whenever he suddenly walked into a government office and caught one of them not working." The speaker was a university student—there are fifteen universities in Manila—in his early twenties, standing at a tall table in an open-air cafe with four or five friends. "Hey, Jose!" one of them had called out, perceiving that I was an American, just after I had strolled past the presidential palace where so much was to happen more than a quarter century later. I remember what turned out to be an invitation to join them and Magsaysay was an obvious topic of casual conversation.

Spontaneous chats like this were happening all the time, partly because I was an American and partly, I think, because I was a journalist. When the tour ended and Juan wished me a happy stay, I found a morbid curiosity drawing me back toward the City of Walls. On foot this time, I entered Intramuros by the light of the setting sun. Across a space of vacant land, a man who looked like a skeleton with rawhide stretched over it came toward me from the opposite direction. What struck me were his big brown eyes. They were not dull and resigned as I had

just because Filipinos tend culturally to be rather uninhibited about striking up conversations with strangers. They seem more like Californians than, say, New Englanders.

My first arrival in Manila was the result of a bus ride from Olongapo, the barrio near Subic Bay Naval Air Station. I was in the Marines on liberty. Such things as a bus with one whole side removed, instead of air-conditioning, and a black savage in a loin cloth who waved a spear and shouted as we rounded a curve in the jungle were new adventures. Bus passengers with live chickens under their arms were also beyond the ken of my previous experience.

So when I stepped off in Manila I was grateful when a cab driver offered for a few pesos to give me a guided tour of the city. Although appearing to me a little sinister in his shades and moustache, Juan was a very nice guy who drove me around pointing out one landmark after another and patiently answering one question after another. There was nothing of the Mexican border-town hustler about him, and that surprised me because I had dealt with a Tijuana with Latinos who didn't much like Yankees. Eventually I was to realize that Americans were almost ridiculously popular among most Filipinos. For as Juan had mentioned that afternoon, "Yan Americans saved us from these feisty Japanese and we will always love you for that."

Juan's own memories of the Japanese occupation were vivid: "They used to rape and sodomize little five and six-year-old children. A game they used to play was throwing little babies up in the air and catching them on their bayonets." My only difficulty with Juan was in understanding all his words. I'd not yet caught on to the Filipino accent which interchanges p's and f's, for example. As much Tagalog, the regional dialect, as Spanish, it can be elusive to the untrained ear. An overwhelming majority speak English, though, "because we have so many dialects we have to speak English or Spanish just to communicate among ourselves."

Late in the afternoon as the tour neared its end where it began we entered a section of Manila called Intramuros, or the City of Walls. This area," said Juan, "was bombed during the war and has never been cleaned up." What I at first thought was a rather large cardboard carton loomed up ahead. Then I realized there were people living in it—a shack made entirely of corrugated pasteboard. A small child with spindly legs and a pot belly stood in what could be called the yard; there was obviously little possibility he would live many years longer. These people, I realized suddenly, were starving to death.

Even Juan, who certainly must have been used to sights like this, sounded heartbroken as he told me, "These are the squatters. When Magsaysay was president the government was moving them out of Intramuros to their own homesteads in the country. But not anymore. These days they are just left here to starve."

We pulled up in front of a church that alone, among all these bombed-out ruins, was unscathed. "This," he said, "must have been a miracle. The only building in Intramuros that wasn't hit was this church." No miracle, however, had stopped the Japanese, previous to the American bombing, from herding a bunch of Filipinos into this same edifice, pouring gasoline over them, and cremating them alive.

When the tour ended and Juan wished me a happy stay, I found a morbid curiosity drawing me back toward the City of Walls. On foot this time, I entered Intramuros by the light of the setting sun. Across a space of vacant land, a man who looked like a skeleton with rawhide stretched over it came toward me from the opposite direction. What struck me were his big brown eyes. They were not dull and resigned as I had

imagined the eyes of the starving to look. In hideous panic we exchanged glances, without speaking, as we passed within a few feet of one another—and there I was, by this time in what is known as a shanty-town, with more of the same. I wanted to cry and I wanted to kill at the same time; whoever was to blame for this I wanted shot.

A whole family starving to death together in the same hovel is no less disturbing than a whole family being tortured to death in the same room. In fact, they are the same, except that starvation takes longer.

When people who've been among famine victims in places like Ethiopia or Sudan tell you there is no way you can imagine what it is like, they are not exaggerating. I knew the statistics; I had seen the photographs. I was even rather concerned about starvation. But until that evening I did not begin to imagine the heart-rending horror of its reality.

A couple of months earlier, on Temporary Additional Duty in the States, I'd been sitting in a San Francisco bar discussing this very problem with a Marxist, and complaining about the authoritarian aspects of Marxist-Leninism.

"Here's the thinking," said Nick Granich, "about that subject in countries like China. They figure first fill people's stomachs and then worry about civil liberties."

Less than an hour before Juan had been telling me how much Filipinos hate Communists. Suddenly I found that I was one because I could no longer bring myself to disagree with what Nick had said. (My conversion, as it turned out, was short-lived because I decided that September that authoritarian systems are inefficient in food production; I have remained ever since then, however, a fanatic about the subject of adequate social organization for eliminating starvation.)

Out of Intramuros, I was by now wandering through a section of town that, although a slum, seemed prosperous by comparison. A cab driver pulled up next to me. "This is Paco!" he called out, "the most dangerous place in Manila. Let me take you somewhere else, Joe."

"That's all right," I said. "You only live once." How often does someone like me get to explore someplace like this?

"That's right," he said, and if I wanted my one life to last any longer I better get in his cab.

I assumed he was just trying to hustle a fare. Until the next day—in Paco again—when I found it impossible to flag a taxi down. Most cab drivers were so afraid of Paco they wouldn't stop to pick up riders there.

That morning I had returned to Paco, perhaps drawn by the same curiosity that carried me back to Intramuros the night before. Upon passing a barber shop with an open front, I stepped in for a shave.

In the distance I could hear a woman's voice—singing. Whether or not the song was "A Summer Place" I don't remember. Probably it was. The voice, I shall never forget, was like that of an opera singer. It kept getting closer.

My face was lathered and the barber was beginning his work by the time, still singing, a very chubby woman entered the shop. Her name, I learned, was Soledad. Within the hour she was showing me around Paco and telling me her life's story besides.

By now I'd begun to notice another peculiarity of Filipino English—the phrase "just only" was unusually frequent. Why was I just only in Paco? Her name was Soledad, but sometimes her friends just only called her Soly. She'd broken up with her husband because he just only wanted her for her body. If I had time she would like me to meet just only a couple of her friends.

They seemed like nice guys—gentle, in spite of ducttall haircuts slicked down with scented grease. Shaking hands with them was almost more like holding

hands—something two Filipino males often do without any loss of masculine status. If machismo was ever popular with the Spaniards who imported most of the culture here, it never made much of an inroad with these islanders.

Who came up with the idea of visiting their friend in the hospital? I don't remember. But soon Thomas, Miguel and Soly and I were standing in a row on the curb waving to no avail at passing cabs. Whether by taxi or jeepney I'm not sure, but somehow we got there—and only then did I realize how much Paco lived up to its reputation.

They said he had been injured in a knife fight, but to say this guy had been cut to ribbons, while possibly a cliché, was not, however, much of an exaggeration. A straight razor had made maybe as few as four or five incisions in him, but they were of incredible length and he was only kept alive by fluids pumped through tubes by little machines.

Everywhere outside her own neighborhood in Paco that Soly and I went alone together, she drew catcalls, because any Filipino woman in Manila who appears on the streets with an American serviceman is thought to be a prostitute. Juan had shown me the immediately visible Manila; Soly was showing me another. So after we parted company with her friends after leaving the hospital, we decided to go our own separate ways with plans to meet again the next afternoon.

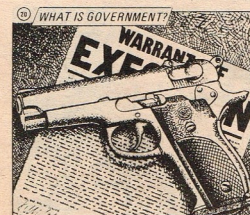
Before long I was teaching myself the fine points of jeepney riding. "Jeepney" is a term signifying a cross between a jitney and a jeep, or weapons carrier. Back seats are removed and benches along both sides are substituted, a canopy is erected over the whole works and then the vehicle is usually painted up in gaudy colors, sometimes with polka dots. Every jeepney driver follows a simple route, back and forth up and down this or that street or boulevard. To turn a corner in your travels you get off one jeepney and hail another, heading in the direction desired. Since there were scads of them and fare was only ten centavos, I found the free enterprising jeepney system the most efficient for getting from anywhere to anywhere else in a hurry I'd ever seen. (Actually, as a driver was soon to confide, it was not purely free market; you had to bribe the cops a peso a day to stay in business.)

To hail a jeepney you stand on the curb, press your tongue against your front top teeth and go "Pssssssssst!" Getting the hang of making my "Pssssssst" carry over the sound of traffic took some practice. Until then I had trouble getting the damned thing to stop not only to pick me up, but also to let me off—for both occasions take a "Pssssssssst."

Eventually I found my travels taking me near the largest public library, so I entered that building to see if I could find a copy of *La Ultima Adios* by Jose Rizal. This most celebrated Filipino revolutionary in the war for independence against Spain wrote a poem called in English "The Last Goodbye" on the eve of his execution by firing squad. A more romantic story is hard to find in the annals of poetry or revolution, as is any which so typifies the Filipino spirit.

Expecting to find a rousing call to arms, I found instead a melancholy ode of almost dream-like beauty. I could imagine young girls picking wild flowers and thinking of Jose Rizal as a lover as much as a revolutionist. Filipinos of all ages and both sexes believe in knights on white horses, anyway. As one writer commented, Spanish culture before Cervantes must have been the same way. No man of La Mancha ever ventured across the landscape of the Philippines, though, so unabashed romanticism reigns on up into the present age. This is both a strength and a weakness, as astonishing heights in idealism and a pathetically trusting faith in the

Continued on next page



SHOT, GARROTED.

Reader's Corner

Reagan's Drug War

by Kurt Nimmo

On every TV channel it's the same --Ron and Nancy live from the White House sitting room, reading from a teleprompter. Nancy says, "I implore each of you to be unyielding and inflexible in your opposition to drugs." Ron dredges up the patriotic imagery he is now famous for--young soldiers dying selflessly to safeguard American values, fallen heroes who "did this for you, for me, for a new generation" which must "carry our democratic experiment proudly forward." All of it is in jeopardy, Ron emphasizes, because "drugs are mending our society, threatening our values, undercutting our institutions and killing our children."

From government to media, I am not allowed to forget the "cancer of the drug use." The Democratic-controlled House has passed an anti-drug bill which would deploy the military in an effort to bulwark the borders against drug smuggling, a severe article of legislation which would subject individuals to unreasonable search and seizure, and authorize the use of illegally obtained evidence in court. Senators and newspaper editorialists propose oppressive measures--torture dealers and hang them in public squares.

All over the country, the anti-drug zealots are trying to upstage each other with feeble-minded and venomous proposals.

American hypocrisy exposes itself with the trumped-up political and media paroxysm of the drug pandemic. Where, one might ask was the concern for the victims when drug abuse and death was primarily a black ghetto phenomenon? America--and by this I mean white, middle class America--gets involved only when its own children are at risk. In the not too distant past it wasn't uncommon to see drug addiction as a character trait of indolent blacks and Hispanics. Drug addiction and suffering

was something to be ignored or ascribed to the inferiority of "colored" minorities. It's no secret that so-called mafia organizations once made agreements which stipulated that drugs, especially heroin, would be sold exclusively in the ghetto. During the Nixon administration, it is alleged, heroin was clandestinely imported from southeast asia by the CIA for distribution in America's powderkeg ghettos. This was a scheme cooked up by the Johnson administration after the 1967 riots. It was a counterinsurgency tactic which proved to be very successful.

Heroin isn't popular in the suburbs, but cocaine is. There is little threat of insurrection in Pleasantville--people are taking record amounts of drugs for other reasons. Being stoned is a way of coping with a brutal and dismal system, a system of coerced participation in the drudgery of wage existence. Is it any wonder that an incalculable number of zeks strive to artificially stimulate their pleasure centers when all joy and spontaneity have been eliminated from their lives, when their only alternative is boredom and tedium? Monotonous jobs in vapid offices and factories, dependence on transitory commodities, and surrender of creativity to the authoritarian demands of perfunctory capital render millions hopeless, despondent and wooden. Certain drugs may destroy, but the destruction is relatively quick--for many a far better fate than being effaced slowly and laboriously, compelled to produce articles which are often divorced from any logical or significant meaning. People deprived of identity and worth, existing in the tediously uniform and unvarying environment of production, frequently ingest drugs for the same reason the cancer patient is administered analgesics--to alleviate pain and

distress. Drug abuse is a reaction to the prospect of selling one's life away for survival, of living in a lifeless and grotesque civilization.

The humiliation involved in the act of working to survive isn't enough--there are new demands for obedience and surrender--emanating from administrative centers and boardrooms. Mandatory drug tests, recommended by a report from the president's Commission on Organized Crime, are designed to guarantee a docile, submissive, and straight workforce, a workforce which must come to understand that it's life, on or off the job, belongs to capital. Urinalysis is but the latest affront in a psychological war which demands a variety of "give-backs"--wage cuts, concessions, and lay-offs.

Finally, the "war on drugs" serves as a prototype for incursions against our civil liberties yet to come. Capital, increasing its essential and insatiable greed by leaps and bounds (which are indicative of the celerity of its new technologies) has little tolerance for freedoms which potentially mitigate its yield. Human equality--social, political, and economic rights and privileges--are anathema to the rapacious character of modern capital. Only a moron left for two hundred years in a cave would believe that the present government--an authoritarian body conceived by a gang of slaveholding aristocrats to secure their wealth from taxation and expropriation--is concerned with preserving integral rights of a powerless and often resented public-at-large. The ephemeral American "experiment" of restrained and compromised freedom (that is, until recently, a freedom for white males with at least modest amounts of money) is nearly finished. Even the great and vulgar public, when polled, say that the Bill of Rights (which, incidentally, was included in the



Tired of the same old shit day after day?

Frustrated by the impotence of your desires in an alien world of things and their prices?

Want to get out of your rut, and experience something genuinely new and different?

DISARM AUTHORITY ARM YOUR DESIRES

Read about and study anarchist ideas--news, history, theory--put them into practice.... And don't forget to subscribe to:

ANARCHY a journal of DESIRE ARMED

Only \$3.00 for six issues.

ANARCHY, c/o C.A.L., POB 380, Columbia, MO. 65205

Constitution only after much debate) is dangerous, gives criminals (poor criminals, that is) too many rights, and is an incentive to "anarchy."

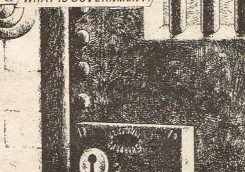
There wasn't much choice but to get in the mood for it. As much was true of my plans for revolution. I was a marine, so they would have to wait.

Sunday afternoon I was back in Paco, getting rip-roaring drunk with Soledad, before staggering aboard the bus and returning to base. With me I also took some nice memories of the previous night spent with a lovely prostitute in my Chinese hotel.

Ten months later, upon returning to the U.S. and getting discharged, I bought a boat ticket with my separation pay. I was going back to Manila, providing I could figure out how to survive once I arrived--broke. Actually my idea was to somehow make some more money before departure time. I prepared lectures of my experiences in the marines in the far east and attempted to go into business selling tickets for them. Instead, I wound up cashing in my boat ticket and going to New Orleans. The chances of winding up a squatter in the City of Walls myself seemed too great.

As it was, I went for two weeks without eating in New Orleans before securing part-time work. From there on my life took other turns and where I was located geographically came to seem less and less important as the years passed. You can promote revolutionary values and raise consciousness wherever you find yourself. And wherever you are you can study the social mechanisms that cause massive starvation and work to stop them.

WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?



DEPORTED, SOLD, BETRAYED.

A Summer Place

Continued from page 10

very speeches of politicians go hand in hand with it.

Then I began looking up biographical data on Rizal and made an interesting discovery. Another hero of the same revolution, Andres Bonifacio, had been played down because of American influence. Rizal had, at least in the opinion of one of the books I was reading, been used to upstage Bonifacio. Andres Bonifacio was more the radical leftist firebrand than Jose Rizal, the softspoken poet.

On July 4th of 1946 the United States gave the Republic of the Philip-

pines independence--along with Intramuros and the San Miguel breweries (in which Douglas McArthur nevertheless retained a significant portion of stock). Compared to the way the French treated the Vietnamese, Uncle Sam did right by the Filipinos. Yet, as telltale signs such as the Rizal/Bonifacio stories were beginning to reveal, it all looked much nicer in the history books that covered the whole matter in a few paragraphs and then went on to something else. Basically, it looked to me like the Philipines had in reality been dumped as an unprofitable investment, much as a corporate conglomerate would get rid of a subsidiary that was costing more than it was worth. Given a few large mineral deposits, history probably would've

taken quite another turn.

"Too bad they don't like communists here," I kept thinking. Before long I was entertaining dreams of coming back when I got out of the service to establish a newspaper, *The Red Rooster*.

So I wandered the streets of Manila, much of that day and the next, thinking about what it would take to produce significant political change.

I sat in a cafe drinking coffee and day-dreaming about such things. Either "a summer place" or "my little corner of the world" was playing on the jukebox. Back out on the streets I noticed how much more slowly life went on here than in the states. Pedestrians moved along at half the speed, it seemed.

CASPAR WEINBERGER'S ON FIRE

I don't want to work for the department of defense
I don't want to have to go to any of that great expense
I don't want to have to put together any of those military parts
I don't want to blow up anybody's minds and hearts
I don't want to be the kind of guy who has to lie to my parents
I don't want to have to apply to the government to get security clearance
I'd rather just ride my bicycle over to the A & P
I'd rather shop for bargains and then go home and make a little iced tea
I read the news today on boy
Caspar Weinberger's on fire
Caspar Weinberger's on fire
Boy that's the night stuff

I don't want to work in a missile silo
I don't want to be a dwarf who can't even go to hi ho
I don't want to put helicopters together for United Technology
I don't want to mutilate the world's biology
I don't want to have to rearrange any of the maps
I don't want to covertly undermine any of those third world saps
I'd rather just go home to study and get myself an MBA
or maybe I'll shoot a little basketball
I read the news today on boy
Caspar Weinberger's on fire
Caspar Weinberger's on fire
Boy that's the night stuff

Me don't want to work for the department of defense
Me don't want to have to go to that kind of great expense
They're gonna parachute me into El Salvador or maybe Honduras
I don't know about you but I don't know how much longer I can endure this
I don't want to do this
I don't want to have to put a finger on the nuclear trigger
I just want to be a skating figure in NYC
All I want to do is be an officer on the continental shelf
All I want to be is a shadow of my former self
I read the news today on boy
Caspar Weinberger's on fire
Caspar Weinberger's on fire
Caspar Weinberger's on fire

Caspar Weinberger's on Fire, Lovesville, and Godel, Escher, Bach: The Eternal Golden Rap are all available on a new 45 for \$2.50 postpaid (+\$2.00 for additional copies) from Iron Lung, POB 592, Columbia, MO. 65205



Letters

Never again please

Dear C.A.L.,
We request that you never again put the *Anarchy* journal in our yard.
R.D.M., Columbia, MO.

New discovery

Fellas,
Discovered y'all w/#12, the only free magazine I felt like paying for. Here's \$9 for 3 subscriptions....
Eat the rich,
C.G., Columbia, MO.

Off to college

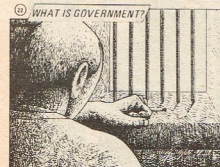
Hi Lev,
Thanks for writing back. Off I go to college—I just read the "Poverty of Student Life" pamphlet from France '68 and chuckled at how perfect it is in describing certain aspects of college. But I also felt sad at the same time. I've never wanted to go to college but I don't know what else to do without working....I spoke with a couple people from Germany and they concur with your sentiments on the Greens. They say they haven't gotten involved with them because they are just another liberal-left party, etc. They say that Americans have a pretty picture of the Greens that isn't really true. Wishful thinking probably. I still think there must be something there though cos Cohn-Bendit is still with them. Who knows?
T.M., Iowa City, IA.

Shirtless women

Anarchy,
I do like your newspaper! It's got some articles that are quite interesting & a little out of the mainstream (out of the mainstream for anarchist mag's that is!). My fave was "Shirtless picnic." Personally, it really pisses me off that men can go around shirtless & women cannot, but I didn't know other people were thinking about this also....
Later on,
Luna Ticks, Phila, PA.
(Editor's note: Luna's comic have appeared in *ANARCHY* #12 and in this issue. We'll publish more in future issues.)

Sexist graphic

Dear Anarchy,
I just received a copy of No. 12 & I'm peeved at the graphic on the back page. To refresh your memory: it's a picture of a seated man, his head in his hands, with a woman kneeling at his feet, holding one of his legs (ministering to his [kneeds?]). This is a sexist & offensive graphic. It depicts the subjugation of womyn, fulfilling our societal role as nurturers of men. Would you have printed a picture of a black ministering in this pose to



SWINDLED, DECEIVED.

a white? Or a man ministering in this way to a woman? I dare you.
Denying that this image perpetuates the sexism which is already killing womyn doesn't work.

When will sexist anarchists (mostly male, some female in my experience) realize that misogyny doesn't disappear the day the label "anarchist" is donned? It takes long hard work, & self-criticism is a key part of this process.

While smashing the state, why not smash the patriarchy? (They're pretty much the same thing.)

Kat Morgan, Boulder, CO.
P.S. The article on womyn taking back our bodies was great to see! Yeah radical womyn!

Lev Chernyi replies

I never cease to be amazed at how cocksure some ideologues can be that their own personal, idiosyncratic interpretations of other people's photographs and graphics are the absolute, unquestionable last word & gospel truth.

I'm genuinely curious how it is that you know exactly what this drawing expresses; that you know it was either meant to be "sexist and offensive," or that even if its creator intended otherwise, that it is "sexist and offensive" anyway!

Is it politically incorrect for a woman to be "nurturing"? Is all "nurturing of men by women" a "subjugation of womyn"? If you answer "yes" to any of these three questions, I suggest you step back a minute and take a look at how far your ideological feminism has driven you away from understanding and appreciating the richly ambiguous and interwoven realities we all live through with our friends, neighbors, lovers & strangers every day. Your retreat into the abstract "safety" of a rigid, black-&-white system of interpretation, and the moralistic, absolutist judgments it entails, only isolates you from life; it adds nothing of value to it.

Zombies for Jesus

Dear Editor of Anarchy,
Received 3 of your papers in my mailbox. As a born-again Christian I of course could not receive the material in your paper. It insults my intelligence and the language used was horrendous. The pictures did not boost my moral (sic) either.

The reason you are so unhappy is because the world system is run by Satan and he has no mercy for anyone, but the good news is that one day soon Jesus Christ who died for you & me will rule the world and his government will be just government and Satan will be bound in a pit and an angel guarding the pit.

The U.S. is still the best place to live—if you don't think so try living in some other countries for awhile and compare.

I have enclosed a tract (Editor's note: excerpts from the tract appear on this page.) which I would like you to read with an open mind as I did read one of your papers with an open mind. But since I have the mind of Christ, the Holy Spirit in me said, "reject."

I still say you can live an overcoming life even in this

"This is a sexist & offensive graphic. It depicts the subjugation of womyn, fulfilling our societal role as nurturers of men."

world system. The joy of the Lord is my strength. My way of life works and yours doesn't because you are so unhappy. However, I still love you in the Lord and I will be praying that God will open the spiritual understanding of your eyes soon.
Love in Jesus Name
S.S., Columbia, MO.
P.S. Don't send me anymore of your papers.

Lev Chernyi replies

It is mindless drivel like this which makes me wonder if there was ever any human intelligence in "born-again" before they gave up their lives for Jesus. Or were they all just brain-dead from birth? Seriously, this whole mentality is quite frightening to me—it reminds me of the "Night of the Living Dead." Only the husk of a

"Learn to HATE for GOD. These are those tiny, rectangular 'Christian' comic books that grinning zombies hand you on the street—the ones with atrocious art and an almost prehuman level of sheer, unbridled hate, manipulating the lowest human religious instincts.... If the Devil were looking for something to make Jesus look bad, this is it.... Jesus would puke! These rank right down there with the craziest Nazi UFO rantings, yet to many ignorant racists, these are Truth."
(Quote from the *WHOLE EARTH REVIEW* [No. 52], POB 15187, Santa Ana, CA. 92705)

human form is left. The mind and personality are totally supplanted by an alien being (in this case an alien ideology).

If Jesus is the answer, the question must be "How can I commit mental suicide?" One of the founders of the anarchist movement, Michael Bakunin, summed up the relation of religion and human freedom quite succinctly:

"The idea of God implies the abdication of human reason and justice; it is the most decisive negation of human liberty and necessarily ends in the enslavement of mankind both in theory and practice.

He who desires to worship God must harbor no childish illusions about the matter but bravely renounce his liberty and humanity."

So, don't worry S.S., we won't





know, slipped an issue of *Anarchy* under my cell door this afternoon and I found it to be very interesting reading....

Thank,
E.M., Tennessee Colony, TX.

Radical decentralism

Editor,

I've been involved with Greens and Bioregionalists as an up-front libertarian-Gandhian-radical decentralist for the last 21 years. I've had many sorry run-ins with the more authoritarian (mostly male, some female) types. But I do think it important that anti-authoritarians continue our involvement in Green and Bioregional organizations because the ecological viewpoint is inherently radical-decentralist-anarchist.

First, we must keep pushing the logical conclusions of non-violence, decentralism, grassroots/consensus democracy, feminism and diversity that Greens and Bioregionalists talk about so much. **Non-violence** means not just non-violent action, or non-violent civilian-based defense, but non-violent sanctions to "enforce" community laws or decisions. That means only non-violent methods like publicity, picketing and boycotts; no police with guns or prisons. **Decentralism** can be bureaucratic (top down decisions as to how much power for local communities is "appropriate" or "practical") or it can be radical (breaking down nation-states and achieving community, autonomy and self-determination through withdrawal of consent from the central government). We, of course, push for the latter.

Grassroots/consensus democracy means you don't make a decision till almost everyone agrees, so no elites can impose their will on the majority, or majorities impose it on minorities. **Feminism** means women, and less aggressive men, can stand up to the most dominant males in the group (who usually are statist and centralists) and describe the negative effect their dominance is having on other members of the group. **Diversity** means tolerance for anarchist community alternatives.

Second, we must both give support to other anti-authoritarian Greens and Bioregionalists and encourage those leaning in that direction to learn more about and strengthen their commitment to our libertarian-anti-authoritarian interpretations of non-violence, decentralism, democracy, feminism and diversity.

While it can be painful dealing with the authoritarians in Green and Bioregional groups and frustrating to see how often in these groups vacillate between anti-authoritarian and authoritarian positions, it is rewarding to me to see that the more purist, radical interpretations of Green/bioregional values are becoming more and more accepted by the majority of members. I'd encourage people to become involved in their local Green and Bioregional groups. However, avoid the "national" organizations where the real power trippers tend to congregate. Loose networking and strategizing on a continental level are all that's really necessary.

My newsletter, *Decentralizel*, is dedicated to exploring non-violent radical decentralist strategies and advocating positions I've mentioned in this letter. *Decentralizel* is a quarterly, \$3 per year. Send for a



free sample to 632 Cloverdale, Box #106, Los Angeles, North America 90036.

Optimistically,
Carol Moore, Los Angeles, CA.

Punk poetry

Dear Anarchy,

Well hell, it's about time I wrote you all...I came across some poems I think you'll like them. Please print one or two or all in the next issue. They were all written by Bruce Feldt.
P.A., Saratoga, CA.

Politician's War

I sit alone, tired and cold
I will not die till my
story told

My heart is heavy, my
feet are sore
I came to fight
politician's war

So hard to tell from
friend or foe
When will it stop, I don't
know

I got a wound deep in
my soul
It helps to ease this
bullet hole

They shipped me here to
save the day
To free the people or so
they say

But the children stare
with haunted eyes
As Agent Orange pollutes
their skies

And foreign soldiers
protect their land
And speak in words they
don't understand

And kill the guilty and
kill the poor
And still they fight
politician's war

Seagull anarchists

Dear comrades of the League,

First, I send you an embrace, hoping that you find enjoyment & excellent health, and that your families and other anarchist comrades in the U.S. find the same.

Thank you very much for sending the material we received. It is very interesting in its content.

In your correspondence, you asked me "Who is Lorenzo?" His name was Anselmo Lorenzo, a Spanish anarchist theorist who was born in 1842 and died in 1914. One of his books is entitled *El Proletariado Militante*.

Another Spaniard well-known for his libertarian ideas is Ricardo Mella. Some others are Federico Urales, Jose Prat, Tarrida del Marnol and Felipe Alai. Libertarian ideas were brought to Venezuela by the Spaniards who came here after the fall of the Spanish revolution. They have, in one way or another, spread their teachings and brought recognition to the comrades preceding them in their fight.

We can't say very good things about the economic situation here. The president has issued some official statements, but we don't know who will benefit from them. City workers continue to be pounded by the high cost of living. Every day the unemployment rate is higher. Personal insecurity is growing, because some people have neither the foundation, nor the education to seek a lifestyle other than those of criminals or thieves. Political parties are diverging more from the ordinary in these last few years. Yet not even they make a real opposition to the regime. We anarchists make up very few of those in political parties, but we often use some of their

opposing forces to apply a little pressure. The parties use terms like "self-management" for their own purposes & ends, and we try to refute their usage. Not because the terms belong exclusively to anarchists, but because they're giving them bad meanings.

Finally, I don't have contact with comrades of other states—they haven't sent me much information. I hope someday to join with some in Caracas, the capital. I hope they write me soon.

For the international anarchist movement!

Down with the nuclear threat!

Health to my comrades of the
Columbia Anarchist League
G.P., Nucleo Anarquista Gaviota
San Mateo, Venezuela

Swedish translation

Hey!

I read your paper, *Anarchy*, sometimes. I would like to improve this by subscribing.

Once I came across a text of yours called "As We See It!" If it is possible would you send me (us) this text—we would like to translate it to our language (Swedish) if you don't mind....

Warm wishes from a cold country!
L.K., Lund, Sweden

Charge my battery

Dear Sirs and Ladies,

I am a 64-year-old grandmother, RN, and Chaplain. Your paper was put on my lawn unsolicited. I was shocked that such a group exists. You may feel you are trying to save the world, but 2,000 years ago, Jesus, my Lord, died for the sins of the world, to change men's hearts, and He is still being rejected today (Editor's note: Thank God for that!) In order to change the world we must start with individual hearts. When an unregenerate battery is used, no car is going to start!

So mankind is unregenerate, and by accepting Christ's love and sacrificial and vicarious death on the cross, a man or woman becomes alive. He or she therefore has a new life. Whatever that person does, if that person reads the Bible and prays, he will become the salt of the earth, a light on a dark hill. Russia's revolution was anarchy against the kings, but it set up its own Politburo of miniature kings, etc. Stalin was a Catholic priest, yet he murdered over 21 million persons, but he was an unregenerate man. Without a personal knowledge of Jesus Christ all men are miniature dictators.

I am enclosing literature to help you see the Light.

Letters

Please do not send me any more papers, as the pictures and cuss words offended me. Some of your facts were, or I should say, could be true, but only Christ is the Life.

Yours truly,
F.S., Columbia, MO.

Lev repents

Okay! I give up already! Give me a Bible and let me pray! I know I'm guilty in the eyes of the Lord. I'm a sinner and I should get down and crawl at his stinking feet—hell, I'm not even good enough to lick his slimy toe-ja! Lord, let me be your most abject slave, your most demented, pathetic, decorticate appendage! Only then can I be truly happy in the lobotomized bliss you'll provide for me. I know I can trust you to erase any negative thoughts from my poor, short-circuited brain. Only when I can do your complete bidding with no more lingering consciousness of my own human existence will I truly comprehend your glory. Until then Lord, if I think of you as the most despicable invention of the human mind in its weakest moment, please don't think too bad of me. After all, all I need do is look at the disgusting history of your religion and your churches to be thoroughly revolted by a chronicle of lies, murder, torture, genocide, humiliation, sadism, superstition, and self-destruction unequalled by any other historical idea or movement (although the world's Marxist-Leninist-whatevers are sure giving the record their best shot). So God, forgive me, but to paraphrase Bakunin, if you really existed, it would be necessary to destroy you.

Cooperation the key

Lev Chernyl,

Thanks for the summer issue of *Anarchy*. We especially appreciated the Gentle Anarchist insert. Cooperation is the key to the future—Propaganda by deed....

Warmly,
D.M., The Neither/Nor Press,
Ann Arbor, MI.



OUTRAGED, DISHONORED,

COPYRIGHT 1981

AS WE SEE IT!

—columbia anarchist league

Common perspectives on ourselves,
our world and social change.
Send a self-addressed, stamped
envelope for
a free copy.

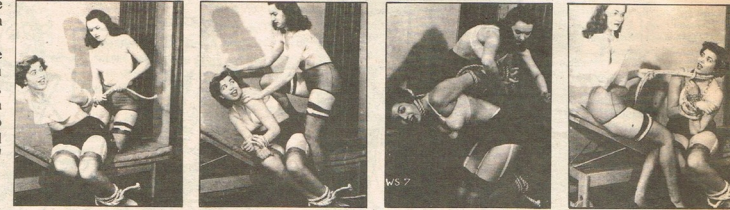


Address your request to: C.A.L., POB 380,
Columbia, MO. 65205.

Letters

"Undoubtedly, when you see an El Salvadoran, an African or a Palestinian bound in chains or trussed in ropes you recognize it to be the political terrorism it is. Unfortunately, I guess a woman screaming still sounds to you like your pleasure and entertainment."

Typical examples of the photos sold by Irving Klaw.



Damn good

Picked up an issue of *Anarchy* off the floor at a hardcore concert. Damn, you guys are good. Put me on the subscription list.

Thanx,
A.S., St. Louis, MO.

Good brain food

Folks, Thanks for the subscription and the back issues...good brain food being quickly digested! Especially enjoyed Alf Sprack's "Playing for keeps" in number 12.

I was turned on to your journal by E.B. Maple and the Fifth Estate gang, whose paths I briefly crossed while in a Detroit R&R band.

Your publications both have a straight-forward way of observing and pondering without rhetoric, but with an underlying strain of optimism. It's a good balance to my own bleaker view of the future.

So I'll continue to try to sift some truth out of the haze of deception just in case we get a break (or make one)! "It can't happen here" (but it has).

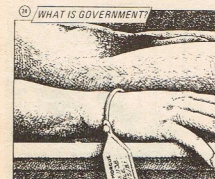
J.T., Royal Oak, MI.



Autogestionaria

Anarchy,

Hello! I send a copy of my 'zine. I hope it's right for a copy of yours. I'm very interested in political punk ideology. I'm anarchist, too. Better, say autogestionaria (I think in English it might be something like self-management). That is to say that anarchy is for living today the best way possible, trying to create self-management in as many activities as you can. I'm working



THAT'S GOVERNMENT, THAT'S ITS JUSTICE, THAT'S ITS MORALITY!

in an independent co-operative, here. And doing many activities like the 'zine, a band, monthly meetings in a park, and propaganda & demos against police abuse. I can send info about this country if you're interested and are so lucky as to understand my English!

Thanks beforehand,
P.M., Buenos Aires, Argentina

P.S. We're working on a library with publications from abroad and locally.
(Editor's note: an excerpt from an article in P.M.'s zine concerning anti-police demos appears below.)

Wonderful people

Your wonderful people at C.A.L. are the hippest of any I've come across. Please send your publication to me for a long time...

I love you.

My family loves you.

The anarchists I work with love you.

Thanks again,
E.R., Minneapolis, MN.

"R" for reactionary

Dear editor,

Nope, we won't declare *Anarchy* pornographic for reprinting the Irving Klaw bondage shots like you're "hoping" for. But, you do get a rating of "R" for Reactionary for confusing restraint and bondage with sexual freedom and liberation.

Undoubtedly, when you see an El Salvadoran, an African or a Palestinian bound in chains or trussed in ropes you recognize it to be the political terrorism it is. Unfortunately, I guess a woman screaming still sounds to you like your pleasure and entertainment.

Hey, I love sodomy too! But we can be pro-sex without advocating the pornographic ideology. Let's stop excusing men's

sophist (Sophist: A weaver of lies or someone who lies through their teeth.) magazines as art and free, creative speech instead of the corporate propaganda it is. Let's expect real dialogue and discussion from media publishers about sexuality, instead of the present indiscriminate consumption of fetishized images controlled by sex capitalists.

And while I'm at it, bravo to those fantastic Columbia women and men who took part in the shirt-free picnic at Peace Park. They illustrate perfectly how we can move beyond pornography.

Responsibility Without Law, Oshkosh, WI.
P.S. Nope we don't support laws that would keep you from running any photo. In fact, to show the world what a really "rebel" publication you are why don't you run a photo of two black men hanging from a tree and smiling about it. Look to Larry Flynt as your example. But then your good taste would probably keep you from doing that anyway. Right?



Nikki Craft

graphers' exploitation of women and nudity to a real acceptance and empowerment of our own bodies. Lastly, let's ask all these rich white boys (Hef, Guccione and Flynt) why they never take off their own clothes. I mean really. Anarchists are too smart to buy that bill of goods!

Let's get the pornographers off our backs and put sexuality back into our own hands (and our friends and partners hands too, of course).

Nikki Craft, Citizens for Media Responsibility Without Law, Oshkosh, WI.

P.S. Nope we don't support laws that would keep you from running any photo. In fact, to show the world what a really "rebel" publication you are why don't you run a photo of two black men hanging from a tree and smiling about it. Look to Larry Flynt as your example. But then your good taste would probably keep you from doing that anyway. Right?

Badguy responds

"The chief enemy of creativity is 'good taste'—Pablo Picasso

Nikki Craft's letter should have been addressed to me, since I take full and sole responsibility for what appears in *The Badguy* report."

In the last issue I wrote: "The Postal Inspection Service took a look at our paper and decided we hadn't violated a section of the law which forbids the mailing of 'obscene or crime-inciting materials.' It's kind of embarrassing to report that we didn't make the grade."

It was exactly 30 years ago...that the Postoffice Department denied the use of the mails to Irving Klaw. Klaw was described as 'one of the nation's largest dealers in pornographic material.' We are reprinting some photos which RE/SEARCH magazine calls typical examples of Klaw's photographs

in hopes of being declared 'pornographic' as well." The Irving Klaw photos are published again on this page for readers who missed them last time.

Nikki Craft, seeing these pictures of a woman tied with rope, is outraged and is quick to call me a reactionary and to make a series of assumptions about where I'm coming from. I will try to sort out the issues she raises.

I think it is probably pretty obvious to most readers what I was saying with the text and photos. Censorship of any kind is stupid. It assumes that allowing people to read or view what they choose to is dangerous. The government calls material which arouses lust in the viewer "pornographic." The silliness of this standard is belied by, fact among other things, the fact that photos which were assumed to be lust-arousing 30 years ago are thought of as a turn-on by hardly anyone today. The fact that the government has prohibited photos like these from the mail makes a laughing-stock of government censors and suggests that censorship has no place in a free society.

Nikki calls me a reactionary and says: "I guess a woman screaming still sounds to you like your pleasure and entertainment." But what do YOU, reader, guess I might find appealing about these pictures? Is it that a woman is screaming, being raped, tortured or humiliated? No, I think these pictures are interesting from two perspectives—on their own terms, and in a socio-historical context. On a literal level, I see two women playing dominance and submission games. They are being naughty, a little kinky, and having fun. The photos are a fictional representation of something that happens frequently, a joyful sexual encounter between consenting partners. Whether it's your preference or not, it's true that a

The police are the backbone of democracy! Vote for repression!

Editor's note: The following information is excerpted from an Argentine punk anarchist 'zine published in Buenos Aires in order to help give our readers some idea of the current situation and level of activities there. We hope to be able to publish more up-to-date information on South American anarchists in future issues.

July 1985: We asked for the abolition of the police edicts and "background checks." Of course, we didn't get anywhere. December 27: Another demonstration against police abuse—

getting rid of the ridiculous laws that control our lives. There were many people at the forefront—punk, anarchists, "revis." We distributed flyers and carried posters with the laws and this time we had a better reception by the people who passed by. We talked, explained and argued. We decided to do a sit-in blocking Rivadavia street and much later, due to the general excitement, we marched noisily toward the Obelisk, blocking the street and sidewalks. There the symbolic grand finale took place—raising the black flag on

the pole in the plaza. During all this the cops were lying in wait and they attempted to interfere when a group split off to LaValle. There, without the excuse of the demonstration, they acted. There were...shots, blows, chases and arrests (4 minors who were released the same day, and 2 adults who remained in custody with 4 charges against them for 30 days....

The apparently negative results of this action (arrests, disorganization, sensationalist articles in the press) don't have to slow us down. Like

all actions that we do for our rights, they are worth the trouble.

Attention: Since April we have had demonstrations about this issue, and we will continue. Background checks: Violation of the minimal constitutional rights of the citizen. Allows the police to detain any citizen in any situation and hold them for 24 hours until an investigation of their papers is complete.

Police Edicts: (Not foreseen in the constitution) These rules infringe on our right to dress, play, love, drink, dance and move freely. People caught breaking these laws, besides having to endure the usual abuse, are toys of the police and may spend 30 days imprisoned. The cop is jailer and judge....



fair number of women enjoy lesbian S&M sex. I don't think images showing women having a good time while breaking social taboos are degrading.

At the same time I can't pretend to know nothing of the socio-historical context, i.e. the reality behind the production of the photos. The pictures were set up by a photographer who paid these women to put on matching underwear and get in the positions that he or she dictated. The photos were sold, probably to mostly men, who presumably masturbated while looking at them. That social reality is also part of the irony of the photographs. It is hard to imagine ANYONE masturbating with these photos. But they did...and one reason that these rather silly photos had an erotic component in 1956 was that all kinds of sexual imagery and expression had been forbidden. So the archaic charm of these photos comes from a sense of the parameters of sexual repression have changed dramatically since 1956, that they are artifacts of a bygone era.

Commercial pornography is a lie which reveals a sad truth—that sexual repression is still with us. (This idea is developed in "Fros denied; a culture against untouchables" in ANARCHY #7.) Yet rather than attempting to comprehend and critique the last "Badgy report," Nikki Craft's letter rocks with the mentality of a censor. Since I don't live up to her sexual ideal, she gives ANARCHY "a rating of R for reactionary." On the basis of four photos taken out of context, she proceeds to accuse me of "advocating pornographic ideology," "of confusing restraint and bondage with sexual freedom and liberation," and of getting "pleasure and entertainment" in hearing "a woman screaming." She tries to guilt-trip me by suggesting that my "GOOD TASTE" would keep me from running "a photo of two black men hanging from a tree and smiling about it," while my sexism supposedly keeps me from seeing that the photos I published are in bad taste.

What is lost in this inquisition is any sense of subtlety or context. Nikki conflates with the category of woman-tied-with-a-rope in the same way the Legion of Decency condemned movies for "suggestive costuming." As such her letter serves as an example of anti-porn IDEOLOGY—quicker to use preconceptions to condemn than to deal with complexity and ambiguity. Her language is the language of either/or, of "Good" and "Evil."

All of this is a shame, Nikki, because you and I agree that male sexual violence against women is a serious problem that will only be solved by radical cultural change. We agree that free sexuality will

lead to the demise of the sex for profit industry. But if I told you I wanted to be tied, teased 'til I couldn't stand it anymore, and then sucked, would you tell me "Hey, I love sodomy too, but that's not fun, that's bondage."

Sick puppy

Hey you Sorry Anarchists,

I read your filthy piece of trash this is the party animal again. I think you all are some sick puppies. I read your article on sexual liberation but as far as I'm concerned a fag is a fag and a girl that eats pussy is still a lesbian and also a girl that runs around without a top on deserves to be raped or she should just give up some pussy freely. Because I'm human I get a big ol' hard-on right on the spot and I don't like to be teased. But I like reading your filthy rag I always wipe my ass with it when I run out of toilet paper. Now show me you have the balls to print this.

Yours truly,
Party Animal, Columbia, MO.

Badgy replies

It's great that people can experience mutual sexual pleasure with one another regardless of how they do it.

Women should be able to cover or uncover their breasts as they please without being hassled.

Why do such simple ideas make you so angry? My guess is it's because you are a very lonely man who feels a lot of pain. I know what it feels like cause I've been there too. I know it's hard to stop feeling sorry for yourself and to begin to love. I wish you luck.

New Blanks single

Dear Anarchy friends,

Here's the second Blanks single with assorted flyers covering some of our more recent activities, including our continuing struggle against the planned world's largest incinerator in our already quite polluted backyard. We think this fight is of national importance; we are at that pivotal point in opting for trash separation and recycling or more death plants and land fill (which becomes more toxic thanks to the remaining ash in these trash burning plants). So if there's no room to mention our new single, then please give a word or two about this issue, if at all possible.

Incidentally, "Say can you see/Where there's smoke" is available through our PO box 1010, Columbia, MO. 65202 for \$2.75, which includes postage and info on the incinerator (and our band)...

It may sound clichéd but

your paper helps inspire us with each edition. Thanks for everything.

Yours in solidarity,
Bill Blank, Birmingham, MI.

Say can you see

American youth
Potential work force
You feel confused
But can't identify the source

It's in the news
It's today's lesson plan
At the age of eighteen
You can be an American man

Oh say can you see?
You can't get a girl
Can't even make the football team

But you could be first string
In camouflage green
Prove yourself in the combat fraternity

Perpetuate the lies
Say you've seen what no one's seen
Oh say can you see?

War is mystified
With cinematic terrors
You're being conned
For future casket bearers

But it's more than Hollywood
They make us hypnotized
For what isn't real
Just isn't realized

Oh say can you see?
We're going to unite ourselves
Under a new bravery
Let's free ourselves

From this patriotic slavery
Oh say can you see?
The Blanks

Pro-life "facts"

Editor,

Rare today is the public medium in which one can get down-to-earth facts on the pro-life/pro-choice question. I shall provide some on at least one side of it.

The pro-lifers are the only ones who provide an appreciable help to pregnant destitute single women who choose to keep their babies. Through agencies called Crisis Pregnancy Centers, they provide free room and board, plus other services for these women. In any town where you find an active pro-life group you will probably find a Crisis Pregnancy Center. This the pro-lifers do exclusively through personal out-of-pocket donations, for pro-lifers do not receive one penny of government funds for giving this aid. This is surely the doing of the deed. No pro-choice group is known to provide such aid as this, despite millions in government aid which at least one large pro-choice group receives. Adding to the general ob-

fuscation is the fact that pro-lifers are subjected to a guilt-by-association tactic which links the movement falsely with Ronald Reagan, Jesse Helms and others, who, to date, have been of little service to the pro-life movement. This guilt-by-association tactic causes the general public to blithely overlook the equally vast and bitter reactionism on the pro-choice side: Larry Flynt, Hugh Hefner, all the cat-house capitalists, the Rockefeller oil capitalists, the Ford Motor capitalists, virtually all employers, the government of Russia, the government of China, the caste system of India—these are all pro-abortion abortion. The pro-abortion American Civil Liberties Union defends the Nazis and the KKK, though nobody has ever made it clear who is so liberal about cutting down on the number of black people. What's exactly what the Nazis and the KKK seek to do.

Public attention should also be focussed on the 12-page court injunction which one pro-choice group now seeks to impose on all pro-life picketing, which injunction, if imposed, can well serve as a precedent for the banning of peace demos, civil rights demos and labor strikes, after whose tactics those of the pro-life movement are copied.

In answer to charges of arson at abortion clinics, it should be remembered that capitalists at times burn their own businesses down to collect the insurance and get the arson blamed on their opponents, and, in fact, one capitalist sometimes burns a rival out. Any charge of arson should be backed by evidence beyond a reasonable doubt, and all evidence should be published along with the charge. Nothing beyond reasonable doubt has yet shown up except such things as may have been copied from the Plowshares and Pruning Hooks groups, and, to these groups, I for one, contribute as I can...

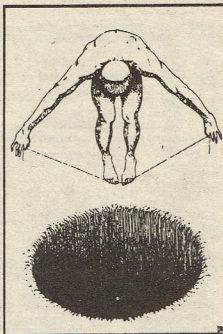
In amity to all
George La Forest,
Rockford, IL.
P.S. Will you please ask your readers to write letters for a stay of execution for Jim Trimble (prison # 161658) to the Governor of Maryland, and also to write to Mr. Trimble himself at 954 Forrest St., Baltimore, MD. 21202...

Haymarket revisited

Editor,

Hi, I like your paper alot. The Haymarket Pilsen march coverage though had a bunch of mistakes—which is okay except there's one possible bad inference concerning myself. I'm the person you refer to as a "hostage." The "possible bad inference" is when you say "the cops had their hostages convinced that they would be freed if the march dispersed, so even the hostages began encouraging people to move on." One might read into that that I was telling the march to break up. Not true. I was telling the crowd things like "Hey, just keep on going (wink, wink)" and I pulled over a number of friends and quietly told them to keep the march moving, but just away from me and tentatively A. Conventions who was locked in a cop van. I thank the march of course for sticking by. The following comic bit tells the real story. Editor's note: the following is an excerpt from a letter which ap-

Letters



peared in POPULAR REALITY.)

So at the May 1 march the Communist Party (the initiators of that march) and the R.C.P.(Editor's note: Revolutionary Communist Party) split & the anarchists have the street. I happen to be at the head of the march when the heat begins to block it. The sergeant commanding the police unit banks out for us to disperse, etc. and seemed to be directing alot of attention to me—especially as I started to countermand his orders with my own, "Fuuu, you, no way!" So Sarge says "You're gonna be the first to be arrested, Buddy," and I say "Try it, motherfucker," and of course he does. Sarge foolishly grabs this A Superboy, as in the week preceding Mayday I get in plenty of punch-ups and street-fighting classes. It was easy to wrestle away from him he kept saying "Go ahead & hit me. Take a swing,") and I make a run for it. Now what I had done was a very very bad thing and must not go unpunished. I must pay for my evil ways. So another porker nabs me. The gig is up, and I'm cuffed and marched to the ole paddy wagon. Oh well. The thoughts running through my head at that moment are "Shit, ya gotta be a fuckin' hero" and "I hope mom doesn't find out" and (most importantly) "no partying tonight!" and also, just plain "sheet!"

Well, just before they shove me into the paddy I sez to good ole Sarge "Gimme a break. Yer gonna bust me—for what?" Sarge sez "We'll let you go if you call off the march." So I get confused—Was I the leader of this? But I do some quick thinking anyway; the crowd is mad and coming to my rescue—somewhere around this time Tentatively A. Conventions tries to spring me and they dump him into the wagon & lock the door. I say "Okay"

Continued on back page

We would like to encourage readers to write us in order to open a dialogue both with those who are sympathetic and those who are critical of anarchist theory and practice. All letters to ANARCHY will be printed with the author's initials unless it is specifically stated that her/his full name may be used, or that s/he wishes to remain anonymous. We will edit letters that are redundant, overly long, unreadable or boring. Address your letters to ANARCHY, c/o Columbia Anarchist League, POB 380, Columbia MO, 65205.

Your dollars will help us

1. put a new roof on the main building and on the gymnasium
2. expand the new library facility
3. increase our computer capabilities
4. bring better educational opportunities to our students by purchasing more instructional supplies and equipment.

Levels of Giving

Patrician -- up to \$25.00
Knight -- \$26.00 to \$49.00
Emerald Club -- \$50.00 to \$99.00
Special Gifts -- \$100 +

ANARCHY; a journal of desire armed
c/o C.A.L., P.O.B. 380, Columbia, MO. 65205



Haymarket continued

to Sarge (smirk) "but you have to let me & the other guy go, otherwise everyone will riot." Sarge tells me not to worry--they don't want the hassle of the paperwork of a couple of chickenshit arrests. I believe him. I figure these boys wanna go home, relax, and then beat their wives and stuff.

But I do have to tell the crowd something, and, refusing to collaborate with the fuzz on calling the thing off, I figure I can use language that's masked enough to tell the crowd to keep doing their thing, keep marching & we'll catch up at your tail end when the cops see you moving out. So we have the ridiculous spectacle of the cops walking me to the middle of everybody and me having to tell people "Yo--keep partying!" but make it sound to the fuzz like I'm telling 'em to go home. I thought people could clearly infer from what I was saying that they should simply move away and keep on keepin' on. But people initially kept hanging by. Later everyone told me they were just confused and/or didn't trust the heat to let us go. Around this time, a buddy from home announces to Sarge that if they take me they gotta take him. I think that made the cops uneasy. They were just too tired after a long day of beating people up to haul us in and beat us up. They wanted to go home, relax and watch Kojak do it.

I figured it was a good time to have some fun. I said to Sarge, "The crowd will love it if you uncuff me. They'll think you're a good ol' boy--and they did it!" Next I said "Gee Sarge, why don't you let the guy in the can go and you can keep on holding me. The crowd will probably think you're an anarchist just like them." (Now, I didn't think to say the latter part--but I will next time!) So they let the dude go! Shucks, I felt like the commanding officer.

Well, by now the crowd got the hint and started to struggle away. Sarge gave me one last fatly lecture (to scare us out-a-towners no doubt) on why we should go home because crazies from the bars in the area would probably haul out and start shootin' at us. This NYC boy stared at him incredulously.

That was about it. They

released me, I caught up to the crowd & said "there's nothin' like being the center of attention," got some laughs, and marched on with everyone.

"b"OB has spoken,
B.M., Brooklyn, NY.

Bob Black drivell

Dear folks,

Why is it that I keep running up against Bob Black's drivell in the anarchist press?

It couldn't be his views or "analysis." He never really says anything interesting, much less coherent. The political and social broadsides and sideswipes are rarely accurate. His nihilism is so thorough that he manages to poison himself with all the other targets of his venom. I'm a sympathetic and careful reader, but I really can't find the point of his "Let us prey" piece (summer '86 issue). What am I missing?

Could it be his apparently irreverent "style"? The cute puns and other forms of intellectual masturbation are seldom funny.

So he's a clown and a loose cannon. Who needs it? I'm sure he's got a nice put-down for me (do print it!). Please explain what he's good for, if anything. There must be some others out there who've been wondering what to make of his "contributions."

J.S., St. Louis, MO.

Lev Chernyi replies

It sounds like you've got more against Bob Black than you're revealing here--else why all the acrimonious, yet relatively empty criticism? It seems quite obvious to me that in "Let us prey" Black has quite a lot to say about both the problems posed by religion and the historical neglect these problems have suffered at the hands of liberals and leftists.

You may not appreciate what he says, but this is certainly different from claiming "He never really says anything interesting, much less coherent." In fact, Bob's "Abolition of Work" pamphlet which we reprinted in ANARCHY #8 was one of the best received articles we have published. And his hard-hitting "Let us prey" has undoubtedly provoked many readers to more closely examine their religion, or supposed lack of same. If you can formulate

any real and concrete criticisms of what Black has said we'd like to print them. Otherwise, as it stands, your vacuous "put-down" of him hardly serves to communicate much.

God's on our side

I do not want your paper sent to me again I think your ideas stupid. Where do you think you would be today if your forebears had not fought wars for our independence. Also God looks after his own. I thought your paper (what little I read) nasty, & very sick. You don't deserve to live in our beautiful country.

N.R., Boone County, MO.

Handfuls of friends

Hello friends,
After having re-read your Feb/March issue, I've decided to...subscribe.

I wish you luck in publishing this paper and would like to congratulate Ralph Franklin for a well-written article on

C.A.L.
P.O.Box 380
Columbia, MO, 65205
U.S.A.

"The Faces of Terror."

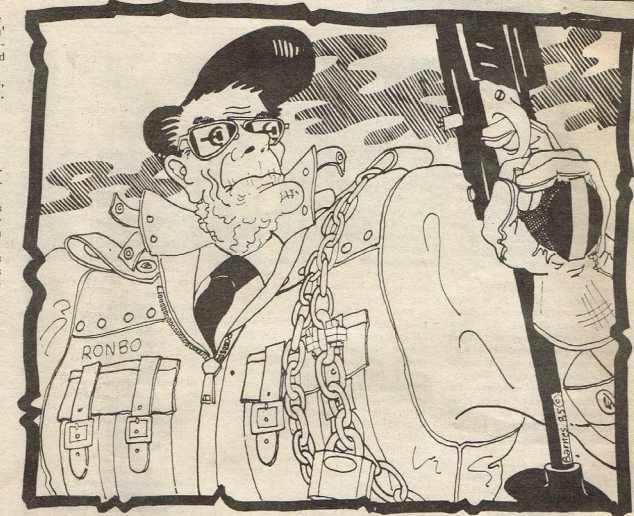
Here in Montreal, as far as anarchist movements go, we are fortunate to have an Alternative Bookshop and of course, Black Rose Books (publishing). But neither one of these groups are more than a handful of friends. I can't help but be pessimistic when I think about the world. I find reading Twain's short stories helps (Mysterious Stranger) and reading Hesse.

Good luck,
Keep up the good work,
H.D., Montreal, Quebec

I love 'em!

Hello Lev,
Thanks alot for all the papers. I love 'em!
Enclosed you will find some stamps. I want to help out. I'm glad you took the time to answer my question. Your information was most helpful. Take care and keep fighting!

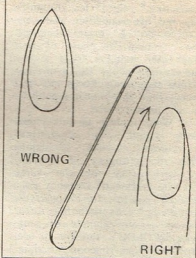
K.A., Goodyear, AZ.



THE BOSTON POSTER COLLECTIVE, Box 663, Dorchester, MA. 02125

AUTHORITY is the real enemy.

Notes on Nails



Just say "no"
Continued from page 3
Make examples out of 'em! Let them begin to pay for their crimes. Then, if you want to crack down on the piddly numbers of minority drug users--the relatively few marijuana and LSD nuts--you can do it without being hypocritical shit-heads!

ARMY

Be all we want
you to be.
Be a disposable
part of the war
machine.

Residential Customer

Bulk Rate
U.S. Postage
PAID
Columbia, MO.
Permit No. 345